

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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"GENTLEMAN JO" IN POLITICS.

"APRIL 1ST. I take pleasure, sir, in informing you that your nomination for the Presidency is certain. Please remit \$1,000.—'GENTLEMAN JO.'"

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
63, 65 & 67 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, APRIL 10, 1880.

NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
63, 65 and 67 Park Place, New York City, N. Y.
P. O. Box 4121.

NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

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I. W. ENGLAND, Assignee.

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NEW FRONT TO AN OLD QUESTION.

THE House of Representatives has at last taken an important step in a direction looking to the improvement of the Federal election laws. As the law now stands, the United States Marshal of every judicial district may appoint as many deputy marshals as he pleases, in every city of twenty thousand inhabitants, with power to aid the supervisors of election by making summary arrests during the period of registration or voting. As the United States Marshal under the present Administration is everywhere a Republican, it follows that none but Republicans are appointed as his deputies for election purposes. The compensation of each deputy is at the rate of five dollars per day for a term of ten days, and hence it is easy to see that the law, as it stands, enables the marshal to surround himself with a host of deputies, and to arm them with fifty dollars a piece for partisan purposes performed in the guise and with the plenary authority of Federal agents. In this way the Federal treasury, at the will and pleasure of an unscrupulous marshal or of an unscrupulous deputy, may be assessed for a corruption fund or an electioneering fund, to be used by one party to the disadvantage of the other, and to the damage of the people at large. And that the law has sometimes been so abused in fact was a matter of public notoriety at the last Federal election, when twelve hundred deputies were appointed in New York and nearly eight hundred in Philadelphia, comprising in their number some very disreputable persons, whose character and antecedents sufficiently disclosed the kind of service which was expected at their hands.

But instead of attacking these abuses of the law, the Democratic majority in Congress, at the late extra session, proposed to nullify the law in all its features, and to compass this result by bringing a coercive power to bear on the Executive department of the Government. In his veto message of May 29th, 1879, President Hayes expressed the opinion that "the great body of the people of all parties want free and fair elections," and at the same time do not think that "a free election means freedom from the wholesome restraints of law." Instead of favoring a relaxation of the authority of the Federal Government in the premises, he believed that public opinion demanded greater vigor both in the enactment and enforcement of the laws framed for protecting the purity of Federal elections. But in that spirit of candor which has characterized the words and acts of the President on this subject, he was careful to add that he would co-operate with Congress in correcting "any oppression, any partisan partiality which experience may have shown in the working of the existing laws."

With a blindness which seemed judicial the Democratic majority at the late extra session refused to profit by this hint of the Executive, and preferred to take the consequences of a course which was little less than revolutionary in its theory. It is, therefore, gratifying to observe that this recalcitrant majority, in the House of Representatives at least, is no longer disposed to kick against the pricks of an Executive veto, especially since the rights and duties of the Executive in the premises have been reinforced by a recent decision of the Supreme Court affirming the constitutionality of the existing legislation under this head.

We refer to the recent passage of a Bill by the House of Representatives making appropriations for the salaries of the mar-

shals and their deputies, but accompanied with the following proviso as regards the latter:

"Provided that hereafter special deputy marshals of elections for performing any duties in reference to any election shall receive the sum of \$5 per day in full for their compensation, and that the appointments of such special deputy marshals shall be made by the Judge of the Circuit Court of the United States for the district in which such marshals are to perform their duties, or by the district judge in the absence of the circuit judge. Said special deputies shall be appointed in equal numbers from the different political parties; and the persons so appointed shall be persons of good moral character and shall be well-known residents of the voting precinct in which their duties are to be performed."

This proviso was regularly drafted by Mr. Garfield, and was accepted as a "compromise" by the Democratic majority of the House, with the opposition of only a few dissentients who seemed ambitious of representing that Bourbon sentiment which forgets nothing and learns nothing. But Bourbonism, it seems, is not the peculiar possession of the Democratic Party. As all parties have their Radicals, so all parties have their Bourbons. Especially is this the case at the present time, when each of the two dominant and historical parties of the country is compelled to found its hope of success on the unwisdom of its opponents rather than on any wisdom of its own. An accession of wisdom to the Democratic Party in its dealing with any practical question is seen by the Republican leaders to be so much subtracted from their party capital in the coming Presidential campaign. In the present case there is a positive danger that the Republicans may not only lose the partisan services of a set of hireling deputies, but also the good electioneering cry which was furnished to them by the blunder of the Democrats at the late extraordinary session of Congress. The House Committee, in concluding their report, remark:

"Provided that hereafter special deputy marshals of elections for performing any duties in reference to any election shall receive the sum of \$5 per day in full for their compensation, and that the appointments of such special deputy marshals shall be made by the Judge of the Circuit Court of the United States for the district in which such marshals are to perform their duties, or by the district judge in the absence of the circuit judge. Said special deputies shall be appointed in equal numbers from the different political parties; and the persons so appointed shall be persons of good moral character and shall be well-known residents of the voting precinct in which their duties are to be performed."

Captain Howgate's scheme, which has the sanction of leading American geographers and scientists, contemplates the establishment of the first colony of exploration at some point north of the eighty-first degree of north latitude, on or near the shore of Lady Franklin Bay. His expedition will be composed of hardy, resolute and intelligent men, who will be provided with all modern appliances for overcoming the physical obstacles in the pathway to the Pole, and for resisting the effects of hunger, cold and sickness, so as to deprive it of the means of retreat, except at stated periods of time. Among these appliances will be sets of signal equipments, copper telegraph wire, and other means of communication. Provided with these, it is believed that parties of explorers will be able to move forward with confidence, establishing advanced sub-stations, and thus gradually approaching the Pole without serious risk. The House Committee, in concluding their report, remark:

"While your committee believe that the interests of geographical and scientific discovery, as set forth by Professors Henry, Loomis and others, in connection with the proposed Arctic station, are of themselves of sufficient magnitude to warrant favorable legislation, they do not exclude the additional practical consideration of the political and commercial results that are probable to flow from the discovery of new fields for the whale-fisheries. That large section of country from which springs the American sailor, whose education and wealth is largely derived from these fields, is entitled, as a matter of justice, to have their interest cared for in this direction. This home of sailors becomes not only an element of commercial wealth, but a resource of national defense, which should not be lost sight of by the American statesmen."

The country will approve, we doubt not, the wise conclusions of the committee, and will, moreover, watch with eager interest the progress of the scheme here outlined and commended.

THE COURSE OF SPECULATION.
COTTON.

THE great staple of the South—cotton—is a favorite "deal" with speculators; and operations entered into for the purpose of affecting or controlling its value have often had the most far-reaching and unlooked-for influence. Although the cotton-gin and the spinning-jenny are among the inventions of the last century, American cotton has not been of much importance, commercially, more than sixty years. In 1820 the entire crop of the United States was only 240,000 bales of present weight, or less than the quantity now grown in the comparatively small State of South Carolina.

The first great speculation in American occurred in 1825, when the crop had increased to 569,000 bales. The movement is known in commercial history as the "hobnail prosperity." It began in Liverpool on the delay of supplies from the United States, and the discovery that the stock was only half as large as estimated. The price rose in Liverpool 110 per cent, and in the United States 85 per cent. Forced sales burst the bubble, and a general and severe panic followed, aggravated by financial disturbances. The high prices during the planting season that year caused an increase of the crop next season to nearly a million bales, and for some years there was but little increase upon this quantity. The next great speculation was in 1839, under the lead of the famous Nicholas Biddle, of the United States Bank at Philadelphia. It brought ruin to its projectors. The next grew out of the late civil war, closing the Southern ports and cutting off communication between the cotton-growers and the manufacturers of cotton goods. The price of Middling Uplands rose from 8½ cents, in December, 1860, to \$2.85 per pound in 1864. After the war there was an effort to sustain cotton at abnormal figures, on the theory that the free negro would not work, and that, therefore, the growth of cotton at the South must be very small for many years. The growth of cotton in the ten years after the war was greater than in the ten years preceding it, and in the effort to sustain the price, Southern, Montreal and Liverpool banks and capitalists were losers of large sums.

A speculation for an advance in cotton began about one year ago, and succeeded in forcing an advance of nearly 50 per cent, which has been supported with much vigor

down to a recent period in the face of greatly increased production. It received its first impulse from a greatly increased demand for goods at Manchester. Her spinners were compelled to buy the raw material at steadily advancing prices. Not only this, the visible supply at the close of March, 1879, was nearly 300,000 bales less than one year before, although the receipts from the American crop in seven months, at the Southern ports, had increased 230,000 bales, showing an enormous increase in the ratio of consumption.

The present statistical position is a notable one. The latest report from the National Cotton Exchange indicated that the crop for the coming season will be about 5,540,000 bales, an increase of 466,000 bales over last season, and 767,000 bales over the season of 1877-8. So large an increase seems almost incredible. And yet the increase in the consumption has more than kept pace with it. The visible supply of cotton at the principal markets of the world at the latest dates was 218,000 bales less than two years ago, when the American crop was more than three-quarters of a million bales less! The cotton crops of other countries have not varied much. But it is asserted, in modification of this exhibit of the visible supply, that the "invisible supply," composed of stocks in the hands of spinners, is larger than in former years. The report of the National Cotton Exchange makes the takings of American spinners for the first half of the current crop year 1,238,096 bales, an increase of 367,035 bales over the corresponding period of the previous year, and as the consumption has not probably increased so much, they are undoubtedly carrying larger stocks than last year—probably 250,000 bales more. As respects the consumption of cotton in Europe, statistics show that it amounts to about 105,000 bales of 400 pounds each weekly, against 95,000 bales one year ago, an increase of more than ten per cent. It is thus apparent that, unless the spinners are carrying large stocks, there must be a deficiency in the supply before October.

Still, prices have latterly declined. The great cloud hanging over the speculation is the prospect of an excessive planting for the next crop, promising, with an average season for growth and picking, a yield of little less than seven million bales. The Southern Press remonstrates, but in vain. The planters are called upon to raise bacon and corn, but the planters, seeing their railroad communications with the Northwest extending and perfecting, say they will raise cotton where it can be grown, and buy their corn and bacon of those who cannot grow cotton. What the other countries will do when the United States exports between four and five million bales of cotton in a single season, remains to be seen. But there is danger of such a decline in price as to cause widespread disaster to the growers and greatly retard the rising prosperity of the South.

OUR POLITICAL CHART

THE attempted revival of the doctrine of State Rights, and the position of those who maintain that the powers of the General Government are delegated and limited while those of the States grow out of the attribute of sovereignty, induces the question: Are the men of to-day wiser than those who framed the organic law of the country and launched the national ship of State? Touching this whole subject, the American people can have no clearer light than that afforded by the Constitution itself. That instrument is something more than a mere piece of political journey-work. It required greater skill and higher sagacity than that of merely common minds to construct a governmental system which should hold together, as at present, thirty-eight States with their local governments, the line of whose united territory runs down all the parallels of latitude from New Brunswick to the Gulf of Mexico, and whose area stretches from ocean to ocean.

As we view it, the Constitution of the United States was formed and adopted for the purpose of securing in perpetuity two grand specific objects, the union of the States, being the first. It is the bond of that union, and in no ambiguous language it states and defines its terms. No one among all the dead has ever been able, no man of all the living is competent, to speak in terms warm enough and high enough of its importance in this respect. The wisdom of its conception, its adaptation to promote an aggregate result of unrivaled national prosperity and happiness, and its ability to withstand assault, are matters which have challenged, and still do challenge, the admiration of the most highly civilized nations. It is true that our country presents a diversified climate, and that the local pursuits and productions of the geographical sections differ in character. But their interests, if not identical, are far from being inconsistent and hostile. On the contrary, it is in their unity that the nation finds its wealth and power, and no man, whether he belongs to a commercial, manu-

facturing, grain-growing or planting State, can make it apparent to the public mind that he is less prosperous or less happy than he would have been if the National Government had never existed.

The second great object kept in view by the framers of the Constitution was to fix limits to delegated authority, or, in other words, to impose constitutional restraints on political power. There are those who entertain the opinion that if political power be delegated power, then there can be but little or no fear of its abuse. The people's favorites and servants, they imagine, may be safely trusted. To this school the men who gave the country its present admirable system of government did not belong. They sought to make assurance doubly sure by providing, firstly, for the election, at short intervals, of political agents by the people themselves; and, secondly, by prescribing constitutional restraints on all branches of this delegated authority. It is not among the most hopeful signs of the present time that politicians, self-imposed leaders of party, seek to substitute personal confidence for legal restraint, and men for principles. The sentiment which tends to promote an unlimited, if it be but an elective, government, aims a deathblow at all which is valuable in the Constitution for the preservation of freedom to the citizen and for the perpetuation of the spirit and genius of republican government. To repose an excessive, unlimited, unconstitutional confidence in men; to admit that, as official agents, they may interpret the public will in their own way, in antagonism to the Constitution and laws, or that they may set up anything for the declaration of that will except the Constitution and laws themselves, or that any public servant, high or low, should undertake to constitute himself or to call himself the representative of the people, except in so far as the Constitution and the laws may create and nominate him such representative, is to menace with destruction both the Constitution and the union of the States.

It has been truthfully as well as forcibly said that "there is no usurpation so dangerous as that which comes in the borrowed name of the people. If from some other authority, or other source, prerogatives be attempted to be enforced upon the people, they naturally oppose and resist it. It is an open enemy, and they can easily subdue it. But that which professes to act in their name, and by their own authority, that which calls itself their servant, the present Congress, for instance—although it exercises their power without legal right or constitutional sanction—requires something more of vigilance to detect, and something more of stern patriotism to repress; and if it be not seasonably both detected and repressed, then the Republic is already in the downward path of those which have gone before it." The very essence of all security for the preservation of liberty, the hopes of a national future greater and grander than all that has gone before, lies in enforcing a strict submission, by every branch of the Government, to the limitations and restraints of the Constitution. "Whatever Government is not a Government of laws, is a despotism, let it be called what it may."

BRIGANDAGE in Greece is at least a profitable, if not a reputable, pursuit. It is announced that the sum of \$60,000 has been paid for the ransom of Colonel Syng, who was captured some time ago by certain adventurous ruffians. Had the captive been a Cabinet Minister, or something of that sort, this sum would no doubt have been doubled or trebled. It is plain that people with lean purses cannot afford to travel in Greece.

THE election contest in Great Britain is growing in heat and intensity. This is especially the case in Scotland. It is believed that Mr. Gladstone, who is said to be over-worked, will be returned from Midlothian, and that the Liberals will gain some seats in Scotland now held by Tories. The party majority of the Government is less than sixty, and thirty seats must, therefore, be won to bring Tory supremacy to an end. It may be doubted, in view of the mistakes of the Liberal canvass, whether the aggregate gains will reach this figure.

THE reputation of South Carolina suffers through a free use of whisky and the carrying of deadly weapons by her people. The *Charleston News*, in a list which it does not pretend is complete, gives an appalling account of the crimes committed in that State during the past two months. In that time there were twenty-one cases of homicide, sixteen assaults with intent to kill, and two cases of rape. The homicides and assaults were almost, without exception, by whites upon whites, or by negroes upon people of their own color. The State seems to be in need of missionary effort.

MR. BLAINE is said to have declared recently that he will not make a personal canvass for the Presidential nomination. In conversation with a gentleman who desired him to "take a hand" in Ohio against Secretary Sherman, he said that in 1876 he was by force of circumstances drawn into an aggressive campaign, which was against his wishes and against his

taste; and that now, in 1880, he proposes, so far as he is concerned, to let his friends do just as they please, and he will not direct or request anything. If the Senator shall honestly adhere to this position, he will establish a fresh claim upon the public appreciation.

MR. PARNELL has signalized his return to Ireland by setting the Liberals and Home Rulers by the ears, and introducing discord and confusion where harmony is absolutely essential to success over the Conservatives. The facts appear to be that before Parnell's arrival Mr. Gladstone had agreed, on behalf of the Liberals, not to interfere in districts where it was probable that Home Rule candidates might prevail over the Conservatives, and the Home Rulers agreed in return not to nominate candidates in districts where the Liberals might possibly succeed. This agreement has been repudiated by Parnell, who proposes to place men in nomination who will fight the Moderates to the bitter end. This course can only result in the election of an increased number of Conservatives from Ireland, and in the disintegration, possibly, of the so-called Nationalists, not only in the present, but for some time to come.

KEARNEYISM has suffered another defeat, the United States Court in San Francisco having just decided that the State law forbidding the employment of Chinese by corporations is unconstitutional and void. This decision is in harmony with one rendered in an Oregon case some years ago, and it is difficult to understand how any other determination of the issue raised by the Kearneyites could have been expected. The Burlingame treaty, which forms part of the supreme law of the land, invites Chinese immigration and guarantees immigrants full protection and equal rights, and no State enactment can abridge or impair the right of the Chinaman to follow any lawful calling which is open to persons of other nationalities. It is announced that the case which provoked this decision will be carried to the United States Supreme Court, and this is, perhaps, desirable, as a final settlement of the question in dispute will thus be secured.

THE exhibit of the results of the *Herald* weather service during the past year illustrates in a remarkable way the possibilities now attainable in meteorological science. Of the storm warnings telegraphed to Europe during the first half of the year not a single one failed of fulfillment. Of the forty-one warnings by cable of the movement towards the European coasts of various forms of atmospheric disturbances sent during the six months ending with the 14th of February last, thirty-three were fulfilled completely, seven were partially fulfilled, and one failed of verification. The value of the work thus gratuitously performed with such wonderful accuracy by the *Herald* to the commercial and other interests of the world, is practically incalculable; and, as an illustration of the enterprise of American journalism, very naturally attracts the attention, while at the same time eliciting the plaudits, of the press and people everywhere throughout Europe.

THE *Commercial Bulletin* puts this conundrum: "Can anybody say why a resident of the rural districts should be made Health Officer for the Port of New York?" The position is one which requires some little knowledge of quarantine practice, shipping and commercial usage; but what knowledge of these things has Mr. William N. Smith, of Alleghany County, who has been confirmed by the Senate? It would be just as preposterous to take a ship captain or a longshoreman to superintend a dairy farm or a cheese factory among the green fields or on the mountain slopes of the interior?" This is all very true; but then the "machine" politicians must be forced. It is sheer idiocy to suppose that our partisan rulers will permit such considerations as the preservation of the health of the metropolis or the welfare of its commerce to stand in the way of the advancement of political favorites or the ratification of political bargains.

ARCHBISHOP WOOD of Philadelphia is uncompromising in his opposition to the Ancient Order of Hibernians and similar Irish societies. Ascertaining that the "ancients" were soon to hold a convention in the "city of brotherly love," the bishop has addressed a circular letter to his flock in which he denounces the "insidious efforts that have been and are being made in many parts of the diocese, and probably throughout the country, to blind and deceive the faithful and to entangle them in the meshes and shackles of these unlawful and forbidden societies." The bishop says that these societies are known by different appellations, such, for example, as "the National Brotherhood, condemned by the Bishops of Ireland, and the Fenian Brotherhood, whose efforts to aggregate members to their association in this country are unscrupulous and unceasing." The bishop places the Molly Maguires, the A. O. H. and the Buckshots in one class, and remarks that their names seem to have been selected rather to conceal than to indicate the object of their association.

It was given out some time since that Minister Seward was retained in China because his experience would enable him to negotiate an advantageous treaty with that Government. Now it turns out that no progress whatever has been made in that direction during the past year, and President James B. Angell, of Michigan University, has just been appointed as Minister in Mr. Seward's place, with John F. Swift, of California, and William H. Trecoit, of South Carolina, to assist him in securing such a revision of the present treaty with

China as shall satisfy the legitimate demands of public sentiment in this country, and yet confirm and strengthen our friendly relations with the Empire of China, which are so important to the interest of our growing Eastern commerce and our influence in Asia. If the result desired is at all possible of attainment, these gentlemen will, no doubt, secure it. President Angell is a man of great learning, Mr. Swift is an eminent lawyer, and Mr. Trecoit, who was formerly Assistant Secretary of State, and, later, one of the counsels of the Government in the Northern Fishery Question, is one of the ablest writers on international law whom this country has produced. The country may well rejoice that the diplomatic service in China is no longer to be disgraced by a person who has been charged with the gravest misdemeanors.

THE aggregate deposits in all the savings banks of this State on the first of January last amounted to \$319,266,020, representing 570,622 depositors. The deposits in the banks of this city were \$175,371,862. The average cost of managing the deposits, including salaries and all other expenses, was \$1.57 per year for each account. This cannot be regarded as extravagant, but it is greatly in excess of the cost of the same service in Massachusetts and other States. In the former State the cost of management averages only 87 cents for each account, while in Connecticut it averages \$1.03. In the British savings banks the same service is procured for about one-fourth the cost in this State. Superintendent Lamb, in his annual report, says: "Very frequently the expenditures in our savings banks are excessive and do not meet the requirements of the statute that, after paying necessary current expenses, the depositors shall receive the benefit of the income from their deposits. The reported current expenses fall short of the actual cost. For the savings banks, or fifty-five of them in the State, own banking houses in which is invested the sum of \$9,000,000. The income from this property barely pays the current expenses upon it. In consequence, the capital invested yields no net income and pays no interest to those savings banks." The superintendent says very truly that rigorous economy is the only remedy for past extravagance and unprofitable investments in palatial banking-houses by the managers of these institutions.

THERE are elements of discord in both the Republican and Democratic parties which may seriously affect the result of the coming Presidential canvass. Among the Republicans there is a widespread aversion to the third-term idea, and in the event of General Grant's nomination, this feeling will flower into open revolt, especially among the Germans, who, upon this question, are practically unanimous. Among the Democrats, there is a want of unity and a sharp contention as to candidates which is prophetic of nothing but disaster in certain contingencies. The nomination of Mr. Tilden, for instance, would be opposed by a strong element of the party in this State. The selection of Mr. Bayard would arouse the opposition of many of the old "war Democrats," while also alienating the support of the Greenback element of the party. The opposition to Mr. Tilden is so intense on the part of Tammany Hall that rooms have already been taken at Cincinnati for the accommodation of three hundred representative "workers" who, with the prominent men of that organization, will do everything in their power to defeat his nomination. Mr. Tilden, however, will have a strong following, and his case will lose nothing from the want of astute management. It is quite among the possibilities, in view of existing and prospective rivalries and disputes, that both parties may think it wise to concentrate upon new men for the Presidential race, and so far as the Republicans are concerned, such a course, if it should result in the nomination of Washburne or some equally reputable candidate, would certainly seem to be discreet and desirable.

A MATTER of a good deal of importance to the people of Utah has just been brought to the attention of Congress. It appears that by means of a system of incorporated cities the Mormons have practically obtained control of all the arable land of the Territory, and unless the land laws of the United States shall be there enforced, vast wrong and damage will be inflicted upon the Gentile population. There are in all thirty-seven of these cities in Utah, some of which, with less than 1,000 inhabitants, exercise municipal jurisdiction over 40 square miles. The charters granted to these so-called cities by the Territorial Legislature cover 720 square miles, and embrace nearly all, if not quite all, of the land of the Territory which can be irrigated by natural means and is attractive to the farmer. A Washington dispatch says that "excluding Salt Lake City, the total number of inhabitants in the remaining 36 of these cities, in 1870, was less than 39,000, or an average of a little over 1,000 for each settlement; and out of the 460,000 acres held under their charters they have been able to secure as town sites only 38,000 acres, in accordance with the law which allows such town site patents to be taken only in proportion to the number of inhabitants. By means of this monopoly the polygamists have excluded from these lands all who did not profess and manifest a belief in the doctrines taught and upheld by Brigham Young." The United States Senate last week adopted a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Interior for all the facts in the case, and it is possible that if the land laws shall be found to be defective, the necessary corrective legislation may be enacted. This will certainly be the case if Congress has any proper appreciation of its duty in the premises.

THE British Parliament was formally dissolved March 24th. The Queen's speech was read by Lord Cairns, the Lord High Chancellor. There were present only twenty-five members of the House of Commons, fourteen peers and eleven ladies.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

NEARLY all of the striking piano-makers of New York City have returned to work.

OVER 2,900 immigrants were landed at Castle Garden, in this city, in one day last week.

THE Governor of California has signed a Bill taxing corporations and savings bank deposits.

A NATIONAL mass-meeting of Republicans opposed to a third-term candidate for the Presidency is called to meet at St. Louis some time in May.

THE Rhode Island Democrats have nominated Horace M. Kimball for Governor, and selected Presidential delegates favorable to Tilden if he shall prove "available."

A PETITION has been introduced in the United States Senate asking Congress to inquire into the legality of the Brooklyn Bridge, and particularly as to whether it obstructs navigation.

THE Post Office Department has advertised for bids for miscellaneous star routes throughout the United States, numbering in all 435. The contracts will be let in May and go into effect on the 1st of July.

J. F. WEATHERWAX, of Herkimer County, has been confirmed by the Senate as State Assessor; and Dr. Smith, of Alleghany, as Health Officer at this port. The appointments are sharply criticised by some Republican journals.

INDIAN raids are reported in New Mexico; in one instance they attacked the mail stage on the Santa Fé route, killing the driver, destroying the mail, and driving off the stock. Chief Ouray and the Ute Indians have left Washington for Colorado.

THE Interior Department has been informed that large numbers of Sitting Bull's band have applied at Fort Peck for rations, offering to surrender their arms and ponies. These surrenders, Secretary Schurz says, will have to be made to the military posts.

THE majority report of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections in favor of giving Mr. Kellogg's seat to Mr. Spofford, was presented March 22d. Senator Hoar presented the minority report, denouncing the proposed action as a crime to be classed with the firing on Fort Sumter.

THE Navy Department has received from the Baltimore Board of Trade a list of merchants who desire to be furnished with samples of the cotton recently sent here from Africa by Commodore Shufeldt, of the *Ticonderoga*. The Boards of Trade in New York and other cities will be invited to furnish similar lists.

ON March 23d the Supreme Court of Alabama rendered an opinion in a case involving the Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad, the amount at issue being several million dollars. The court decided that the first trust deed of 1852 had a first lien on the whole main line of the road in Alabama, but not on the Government land grant, and also to a corresponding portion of the rolling stock pertaining to the road in Georgia.

THE long litigation over the celebrated Maxwell grant in New Mexico has been terminated by a foreclosure sale of the entire property under a decree of Chief Justice Prince. This finally sets at rest the title of nearly 2,000,000 acres of the most valuable mineral and grazing land in New Mexico. It includes some 8,000 acres of well-watered grazing land, over 600 acres of surveyed coal land and the famous Moreno Valley placer mines, besides several gold quartz mines, including the Aztec mine.

EUGENE FAIRFAX WILLIAMSON was arrested in Baltimore on March 24th, and admitted that he was the author of the letters and the tricks which caused so great annoyance to Dr. Dix. He says that Dr. Dix never injured him, and he is unable to explain the motives which prompted him to persecute the clergyman. Williamson is a resident of Pittsburg, and made two visits of about a week each to this city to carry out his plot, living at the Windsor Hotel while here. He was arrested by Superintendent Gayler, of the New York Post Office.

Foreign.

DEVALUATIONS amounting to \$525,000 have been discovered in the Overland Custom House, St. Petersburg.

THE Emperor of Russia has presented to Prince Alexander of Bulgaria a war steamer, 40,000 rifles and several Krupp guns.

ON March 9th the business quarter of Samana, Santo Domingo, was destroyed by fire, causing an aggregate loss of \$150,000.

IT is reported that the French Ambassador to the Vatican has been instructed to prepare the Pope for a revision of the concordat with France.

ARUD MOUTILLAR PASHA, the newly appointed Grand Shereef of Mecca, will leave Constantinople for his post on Saturday, escorted by two battalions.

A MINISTERIAL crisis has occurred in Brazil. Don Saravia has replaced Dom Cansanado Sinimbu as President of the Council and Minister of Public Works and of Agriculture.

IT is rumored that Count von Hatzfeld, the present Ambassador of Germany at Constantinople, will be appointed, in September, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in the place of Herr von Bülow, deceased.

THE ex-Empress Eugénie, traveling *incognita*, and accompanied by Colonel Sir Evelyn Wood, V. C., and Lady Wood, the Marquis of Bassano and a small suite, has departed for the scene of the Prince Imperial's death.

A PANAMA dispatch states that the Chilean forces, to the number of about 5,000, have made a successful landing at Pococha, Peru, and that 3,000 more occupied the village of Vitor, a coast town twenty miles south of Pococha.

THE Duchess of Marlborough has written a letter to the Lord Mayor of London, stating that there is now no fear of famine in Ireland, but there is dire destitution in the mountainous parts and on the sea coast. There is great need of clothing and seed.

THE British Parliament was formally dissolved March 24th. The Queen's speech was read by Lord Cairns, the Lord High Chancellor. There were present only twenty-five members of the House of Commons, fourteen peers and eleven ladies.

A NEW Greek Ministry has been formed, with M. Tricoupi as President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Mavrocordatos, Minister of Education and Public Worship; M. Lombardos, Minister of Interior; M. Petmezas, Minister of Justice; M. Bulgaris, Minister of Marine, and M. Karalakkis, Minister of War.

THE British troops at Jelalabad were ordered to advance on Gundamuk by forced marches, in consequence of a report of the hostile attitude of the Southern Ghilzais. A deserter reports that Ghulam Hyder, Governor of Afghan Turkestan, sent three regiments with six guns towards Balkh to oppose Abdulrahman Khan, but they went over bodily to Abdulrahman, and Ghulam Hyder has fled.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 87.



ITALY.—KING HUMBERT OPENING THE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.



RUSSIA.—POLICE ESPIONAGE IN ST. PETERSBURG.



RUSSIA.—PRISONERS AT A RAILWAY STATION.



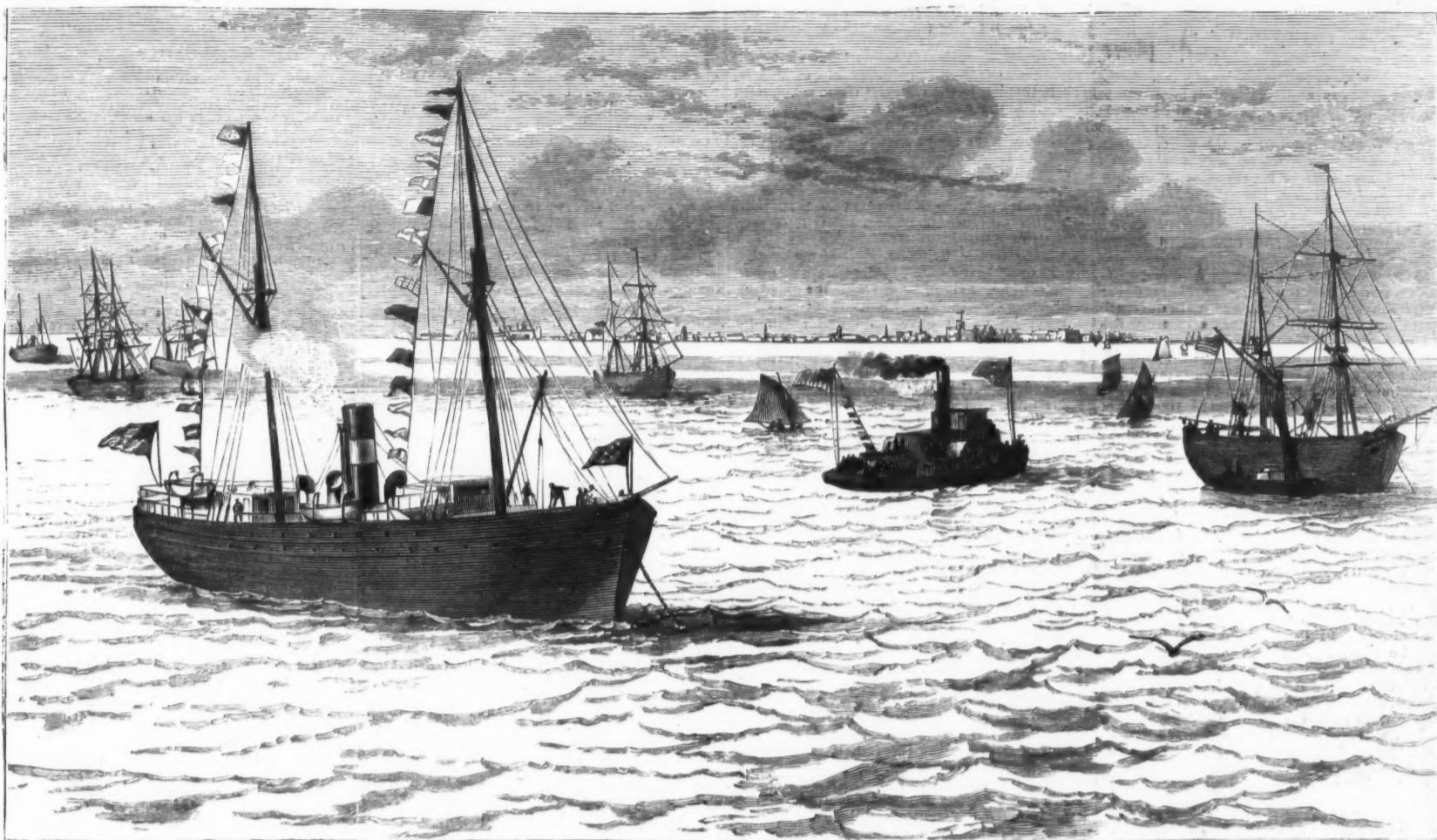
COCHIN CHINA.—A GAME OF CHESS WITH LIVING FIGURES AT SAIGON.



IRELAND.—AN AGENT GOING TO BUSINESS AT WESTPORT, MAYO.



IRELAND.—DISTRIBUTING RELIEF TICKETS IN THE TURF MARKET, WESTPORT, COUNTY MAYO.



TEXAS.—THE REVENUE CUTTER "M'LEAN" CONVEYING GENERAL GRANT AND PARTY FROM THE STEAMER TO THE WHARF AT GALVESTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. OGDEN.
SEE PAGE 86.



DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—GLIMPSES OF LIFE AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL—A FASHIONABLE ROLLER-SKATING RINK.—FROM A SKETCH BY MISS GEORGIE DAVIS.
SEE PAGE 86.

A SPY'S RÉVENGE.

By COLLINS SHACKELFORD.
(Conclusion.)

THE despotism of Russia works so smoothly and with as little noise as nicely adjusted machinery, and, like that, it is pitiless in crushing those so unfortunate as to be caught in its wheels and cogs. Ivan knew by legend and story what an arrest by the police meant, and his forebodings, as he was pushed and pulled along, were of a very gloomy character, for he feared that his adventures of the day might be so warped in intent by an enemy as to seem threatening against the Government. He certainly had that enemy in the person of Michael Kropoff.

There was not much delay in the prison. In times of discontent a Russian court never wearies in the administration of justice according to despotism in the creation of tragedies and of equities. Ivan had not been twenty minutes in the court-room when he heard his name pronounced. He was instantly pulled to his feet and forced before the judge.

"The charge is treason," said the judge, sternly. "Prisoner, have you anything to say?"

"I am innocent. I have been arrested without cause," declared Ivan, standing erect and looking the judge boldly in the face.

"The old story," said the judge. "Every conspirator declares himself innocent. Officers, your proofs!"

"They are upon the prisoner," was the reply.

"Upon me!" cried Ivan. "That is absurd."

"We shall see," sneeringly responded a gendarme.

With that he was seized and stripped, as one skins a squirrel, of his *caftan* and cap. A slash of a knife around the latter and there was revealed a mass of papers as lining.

"Proclamations against the Governor of St. Petersburg, and from Kieff," said one of the officials, after reading them.

They were placed before the judge.

The accused held out his manacled hands pleadingly, and again asserted his innocence. There was silence then, for how could those present believe in him with such testimony before them?

"Is that all?" asked the court.

"Not the half," and the functionaries thrust their hands into the pockets of the *caftan*. They brought out the presents purchased by the lover with so many anticipations of the delight that they would give his sweetheart.

A brutal laugh ran around the room as they were roughly unwrapped and placed upon the table. The prisoner's heart, great in its love, grew sick at this sacrifice committed upon his little, simple gifts.

"There is no treason about them," he exclaimed. "They are for Vera, my betrothed."

"Hold your tongue, insolent!" cried an officer, striking him a stinging blow across the face with his whip. "What does it matter? You'll need them again."

A livid line arose across the face of the defenseless man. His eyes grew fierce, his lips worked convulsively, and he raised his chained hands above his head as if to brain the coward who had struck him.

"Be quiet," said the judge. "Now, prisoner, who is this woman Vera, and where does she live?"

Ivan did not answer. His head was bowed down upon his breast. He seemed lost to his surroundings.

"She is the daughter of old Potalitzin, the herb gardener of Ovgorotz," said a voice in the shadows.

Ivan raised his head.

"Oh! it's you, is it, Michael Kropoff!" he cried. "You ought to know her, for she turned you to the right-about for a better man. Come, now! Stand out! Don't hide, like a stabber in the back, in the dark."

The man came forward with a coarse laugh, stood by the table and contemptuously poked over Ivan's bridal gifts, jeering, without rebuke from the judge, at the wreath and the ring which Ivan had thought would bring such joy to his Vera's heart. The bits of lace and pretty ribbons the brute rolled into a ball and filleted at a companion. The sight was more than poor Ivan could quietly endure, even in his dangerous position. He sprang forward with a muttered threat.

Kropoff raised his whip.

"Stand!" he cried. "Keep silence! You cannot bite. You shall not even growl. Besides, Ivan Reditzky, we have not done with you yet," and, picking up the *caftan*, he brought out thin wads of paper and spread them out.

A cry of surprise went up. There were dozens of copies of the *Semi-i-Schewaboda* (Land and Liberty) newspaper. Here certainly was proven Nihilism. The officers had never before discovered such a bold offender, such undeniable evidence of guilt.

Ivan's heart failed at this, to him, astounding display. His eyes grew hot, his tongue parched, and he trembled as with a chill. But still he declared:

"I know nothing of them. Those papers were put there by enemies. I am innocent! I will declare it until I die!"

Again Kropoff uttered his brutal laugh.

"Lie march on rotten legs, and lose their legs," he said, slashing the *caftan* into strips with his knife. "Behold, more treason!" drawing out sheets of the proscribed journal. Another whirl of the knife and the collar of the garment was opened and closely-folded documents in writing were produced.

"A list of members of a Nihilist's club at Kieff!" shouted Kropoff. "What more is wanted?"

"No more," said the judge. "There is more than is wanted."

"The coat is not mine," pleaded Ivan. "I borrowed it from my Cousin Alexander. I knew nothing of these papers, absolutely nothing. What was in the pockets was not there two hours ago. I will swear to that."

Michael Kropoff, it is you who put them there in the crowd. You hate me. You have followed me all the day. Come, now, acknowledge the truth and let this joke be ended! Surely it has gone far enough."

"Humph! Joke? You'll find it no joke," exclaimed Kropoff, shrugging his shoulders. Then, turning to the court: "We saw him with Peterhoff, the assassin of General Elekinoff. They talked, then separated. Five minutes later both were under arrest. Both are here. That is all."

"Enough! Take him away!" said the judge. "But Vera—my marriage—my—"

An outburst of jeers drowned the rest. Ivan straightened himself. A new spirit took possession of him.

"I see it all," he cried. "It is not justice but revenge given me. I understand—I understand. But a grain of sand under the grinding sometimes strikes fire. I am wronged—"

What he might have said can never be known. The lash of whips and the prick of bayonets suddenly ended the defiant speech of the peasant and drove him, wounded but unbroken, from the room where justice seemed heaven-like by its absence.

It was not a cell but a grave into which they hurled the poor peasant. It was underground. The water dripped from the ceiling, every drop a death note. Rats scrambled over him in mad antics. They would feast on him soon, as they had gnawed the victim before him. A dismal lamp in the corridor gave him shadows for other company. The silence was horrible! Nothing broke its oppressiveness save the rats, the water-drops and the muffled moan now and then of a prisoner in some neighboring vault. The tomb would have been more welcome. Its horrors are only imagined by those who are left behind. The dead are content.

To the strong-lunged peasant whose days had been granulated in the keen air, and whose nights were untroubled by unrest, the horrors of this infested dungeon, its loathsome air and the living contestants for space, were maddening. Nor was the imagined scene at Ovgorotz more pleasant. He pictured Vera—Vera, the bright eyed, Vera, the loving—watching at the door for the footfalls of his horse, and for the song of joy he always sang as he approached her house. She would wonder at the silence and listen in vain for his song, the tinkle of his sledge-bells, his cheery shouts of welcome. She would weep—this dear little woman—and her heart would ache, and she would call to the dumb night air, "Ivan! Ivan!" and never more would there be answer from his lips. Never more, he thought, would he see her or his home, or know again even the meagre freedom that had fallen to his lot as a peasant. Vera's heart might break, but he would never know it, the grave might cover him and she be none the wiser. His bright day, so well begun, had ended with a prison-cell. He saw how Kropoff had tricked him for revenge against Vera, and that carried him back again through the incidents of the day. It roused his wild passions, and, in his rage, he beat the slimy, granite walls with his fists, crying:

"Cursed be the law and the men that have brought me here and let the rascals go free. I have been honest. I have done my soldier-work. I have paid my taxes. I pray to the same God as the Emperor prays to. I till the soil and am useful. What more can the best of citizens do? And yet I am here."

No answer came to these cries, no responsive sound, save the drip, drip, drip of the water and the deadened footfalls of the invisible sentinel in the corridor. Two days of this numbness and Ivan's spirit was broken. He trembled at the closing of a door; he shrieked in affright at the scrambling rats; he put his fingers in his ears to shut out the sound of the trickling moisture. He had almost forgotten his God and his Vera.

Then, as if in mercy, there was a clanking of chains, the bolts of his door were pushed back, and a dozen men seized the affrighted creature cowering in the furthest corner. He made no resistance when they clipped his hair and mustache until they looked like a shoe-brush; nor when they dressed him in linen trousers, a great-coat of coarse cloth, a round cap and huge leather boots; but when the blacksmith knelt down to rivet chains upon his ankles, then tears sprang to his eyes and he resisted the degradation. But the ready whip brought him into subjection, and he was dragged into the hall. There he beheld a score of men dressed like himself.

"What does this mean?" he whispered to one of them.

The man looked at him, laughed, and called him a fool.

Another answered him—"Siberia and the mines."

Ivan did not understand. He asked again. A hand was put on his arm. Turning, he faced Peterhoff.

"I remember you, poor fellow!" said the latter. "And you want to know about Siberia? It means fifteen miles a day of walking, for six months, that you may reach a living grave in the mines."

Ivan turned his face away. He was sick at heart. The journey, the destination, the life of daily torment in the mines he had heard talked about. He knew what was to come, and had had the chance he would have killed himself then and there.

It was dusk when the prisoners were led forth into the street and placed in carts, and it was early morning when they reached an encampment where a large number of other exiles had been gathered. Here Ivan was chained to another exile. It was Peterhoff.

"Courage, comrade," said Peterhoff. "We shall be dead before we get there."

"I would die before I start," sighed Ivan.

That night the journey was commenced. The weather was bitter cold. Some of the exiles had friends to bid them good-bye. Others were

to be accompanied by their wives. There were moans and tears—moans like funeral wails. Ivan and Peterhoff were alone and friendless.

After hours of marching, a village was seen ahead. Already the miserable men were worn out with the walk and with carrying chains whose rattling and clanking bruised their flesh and their hearts. Strangely enough, though it was only about three o'clock in the morning, lights twinkled in the houses, and the houses themselves appeared like frozen shadows upon the snow-bound earth and against the starlit horizon. Strangely, too, the people were astir and stood in silence along the main street; they had heard of the coming of the mournful procession, and had gathered to show their sympathy.

Ivan raised his head and looked around. The place seemed familiar, though his eyes, blinded by gazing for hours upon the snow, could not at first distinguish objects. Then, like a flash of light, the truth came upon him. The band of exiles were plodding through Ovgorotz. Here, then, all along the narrow, crooked street, were men and women whom he knew, but who, in him, a miserable convict, did not recognize their neighbor and friend, Ivan Reditzky.

He had no eyes, no thoughts, no voice for any one save Vera. Surely, he thought, she would be out, her heart was always so full of sympathy for the afflicted and persecuted. Would she know him? And if she did, what would she say? What could he say? Would she go with him into exile, or would she remain for ever behind? He wondered which way she would decide. Until he could speak to her he resolved to present himself to no one else until the last moment.

But Vera was not there, for the end of the street was reached. His heart began to ache and tears came to his eyes. Where was his betrothed? Why was she away when her lover marched by her on his way to exile? Then he remembered Kropoff. The villain must surely have told her of her lover's fate, for his revenge would be incomplete without it. But if she knew it, the more reason why she should be there. Ivan could not understand her absence, and a feeling of loneliness, of utter isolation, came over him.

A whisper that was, too, a shudder ran down the long line. It told of a band of woman convicts ahead, waiting for their party. It was soon reached. The men plodded by without sound save the hideous rattle and clash of their chains. The women were moaning and sobbing by their fires. Some were asleep and, for the time, happy. Ivan was heart-sick at this new atrocity, and he had not the boldness to raise his head and look at these tender victims of an iron despotism, until the next to the last group had been reached.

When he did look around, it was just as the light from a guard's lantern fell upon a woman seated by herself. Her hood had fallen off, her black hair was loosened, and, with her elbows upon her knees and her chin upheld by her hands, she was staring intently at the men as they passed. This man and this woman recognized each other on the instant. Two wild, despairing cries went out from their lips:

"Ivan!"

"Vera!"

She struggled to her feet. A burly Cossack, startled by the wailing outcry, ran towards them with uplifted whip. The thong hissed through the air upon the woman. A line of red sprang up across her face. Again the brutal blow, and once more arose on her white cheeks the brand of a horrible slavery. The victim tottered and fell.

"Oh, my beloved! my Vera!" cried Ivan, in a voice of love that went to her heart.

She staggered to her feet, holding up her hands imploringly towards him, but blind with the blows she had received.

But this outbreak of love was too much for the Cossack ruffian. He struck at her with the flat of his sword.

His foot slipped; he tumbled forward, and, as he fell, his sword was driven into her heart. She dropped dead where she had stood, her arms still outstretched towards her lover, and her head almost within his touch.

For a second Ivan stood as if cut out of rock. He did not move: he did not breathe. Then, with a shriek of rage, he sprang, like a wild beast, upon the assassin of his betrothed, dragging, as if he were but a straw, the man to whom he was chained. He took the Cossack's throat in an iron grip, and held it as if in a vice. In vain they tried to unclasp his fingers; in vain they beat his arms and head with sticks. There was no relief in that way for his cowardly victim.

"Enough! The man is crazy," declared an officer. "He is of no use to himself or the government. I will end this."

There was the report of a pistol, the shrieks of women, the muttered curses of men; and Ivan, throwing up his arms, reeled to the earth—freed by death.

As he fell his arms rested upon the head of his murdered Vera, his face towards hers.

And they were at rest.

RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT AT GALVESTON.

GENERAL GRANT and party arrived at the City of Galveston, Texas, on his return from Mexico, March 23d, in the steamer *City of Mexico*, and was received with a good deal of enthusiasm. The city was gay with bunting and flags flying from all of the principal buildings, and the streets were thronged with people. Upon the arrival of the steamer at the bar, nine miles out, a revenue cutter went out to meet her, having on board a committee of citizens, General Ord and others. On the arrival of the cutter, with General Grant and party, at the city wharf, a salute of twenty-five guns was fired. Upon the disembarkation of the city's guests a procession was formed, consisting of military, firemen, white and colored school-children, different societies, with the ex-President, General Ord and Sherman, and Colonel Fred Grant in the front carriage,

followed by the committee in carriages. The route of procession was through Twenty-fourth, Broadway, Market and Tremont streets. On the arrival at Tremont Hotel a review took place from the rotunda, after which the General retired to the parlor, where a reception took place, and many ladies and gentlemen were presented. On the following evening a banquet was tendered the ex-President, which was largely attended. He was the recipient also of other marked courtesies, indicating the kindly feeling of the populace.

In reply to a toast in his honor at the banquet tendered by the citizens, General Grant made the following speech: "I am very much obliged to one and all of you for the very kind reception which I have received at your hands, and at the hands of all citizens of this city, and I assure you that it affords me very great pleasure to be here on this occasion and to see so many of you. It was my fortune more than a third of a century ago to visit Texas as a Second Lieutenant, and to have been one of those who went into the conflict which was to settle the boundary of Texas. I am glad to come back now on this occasion to behold a territory which is an empire in itself, and larger than some of the empires of Europe. I wish for the people of Texas, as I do for the people of the entire South, that they may go on developing their resources and become great and powerful, and in their prosperity forget that there is a boundary line between North and South. I am sure we will all be happier and much more prosperous when the day comes that there will be no sectional feeling. Let any American who can travel abroad as I have done, and with the opportunity of witnessing what there is to be seen that I have had, and he will return to America a better American and a better citizen than he was when he went away. He will return more in love with his own country. Far be it from me to find fault with any of the European Governments. I was well received at their hands on every side, by every nation in Europe; but, with their dense populations and worn-out soil, it takes a great deal of government to get from the soil a bare subsistence. Here we have a rich virgin soil, with room enough for all of us to expand and live with the use of a very little government. I do hope that we long may be able to get along happily and contentedly without being too much governed."

GLIMPSES OF LIFE AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

ON three evenings of the week, during the present season, very attractive gatherings have been held at the Roller and Skating Rink on Fourteenth Street, and, alike to lookers-on and to the members of the class themselves, the roomy, well-lighted hall has been one of the pleasantest of resorts. From six to eight the professor of this graceful art holds class, and the thirty or forty pupils, picturesque in pretty skating costumes, wheel and turn, march, countermarch, and flash on the smooth rollers through all sorts of bewildering and entangled figures, obedient to the signals of their leader. The rink is large enough for a regimental drill-room, and under the bright lights and over the polished asphalt floor, the crowd of swaying, swinging and gliding figures have the prettiest possible effect. Nearly all the class are good skaters, the exercises is a delightful one, the scope for dainty display in the way of costumes is infinite, the opportunity for mild flirtations boundless; and what more—always providing that you are a woman and eighteen—would you or could you desire?

People are fond of dropping in at the Navy Yard, where Mrs. Hoxie, late Vinnie Ream, is hovering about her corps of French workmen, watching the progress of the casting of Commodore Farragut in bronze. It was my good fortune to take a peep at the work under her guidance and to see the hero in a fragmentary state, his legs attitudinizing in plaster in her little workshop, and the remaining half of his colossal form buried in the sand-mold, with only the tip of the heroic nose visible. Under these adverse circumstances no very clear idea of the merits of the work could be gained, but Mrs. Farragut's letter of praise to the artist so heartily endorses her success, that I was content to take them all on faith. And, apart from more important considerations, among such a host of bronze equestrians as throng the avenues and "circles" in Washington, the spectacle of a hero on his own personal feet cannot fail to be agreeable.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THIS magnificent building, which was formally opened March 30th with such distinguished *éclat*, is now the property of a discriminating public, and to this Mecca of artistic pilgrims are hieing with all the fervor which characterizes your numismatists and conchologists and archaeologists, and all the otherists. A spin through the beautiful Central Park that in a few days will do its tender greens, and coquettishly adorn

and J. Maris; Voulois's "Distant View of Paris from the Seine"; a courtyard scene by Rice; Wahlberg's superb "Sunset on the Shores of the Baltic"; a Carl Becker and a Carl Hubner; Raimondo Madrazo's single figure of a Spanish woman seated and flirting with her fan; G. Jacquet's "Ready for the Races"; two works by Edouard Dubufe, "The Adieu of the Conscript" and "The Return of the Soldier"; Paul Boyer's "Une Polignée d'Amis"; Joseph Brandt's "A Polish Post in a Snow Storm"; and examples of Zugel, A. Vacca, and Carl Hübner. Among the American pictures are Eastman Johnson's "Corn Husking," Samuel Colman's "Canal in Holland," Arthur Quartley's "Morning Effect, North River, N. Y.," George Inness's "St. Peter's," Winslow Homer's "The Sunny Side," G. H. Miller's "Twilight on Long Island," L. C. Tiffany's "Market Day at Guinipper," Walter Shirlaw's "Roxy," William M. Chase's "Feeding the Pigeons," and a host of others of equal merit. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is now an accomplished fact, and its collection is as unique as it is valuable.

Singular Case of Prodigality.

A PRODIGAL of a new kind has appeared before the Paris Civil Tribunal to obtain the removal of an interdiction to the management of his property. In this case the friends of the young man, M. Mario Vivarez, had interceded to prevent him from ruining himself, not from a reckless love of pleasure, but from his ardor in engaging in business enterprises. He is the son of a notary of Ceté, and received a brilliant education. His youthful passion was a love of adventure and a desire to distinguish himself in exploring and colonizing distant lands. He first joined the army, but in consequence of two duels with superior officers in Algeria, in which they were seriously wounded, he was led to abandon that career. He then came to Paris, and at once launched into the most diverse speculations, founding companies for working coal mines in Styria, sulphur works in Italy, church-organ building in France, etc. Journalism naturally attracted him, and the papers in which he invested capital made no small breach in his fortune. His latest scheme was to found a settlement in Africa for the barter of European merchandise for ivory and other productions of the interior of the dark continent, for which undertaking a capital of several millions was to be raised. His patrimony was rapidly disappearing, and to place bounds to his costly activity his father obtained the appointment of trustee for his property. The son has now been appointed vice consul at Sierra Leone, and, in consequence, applied to the Civil Tribunal to obtain the removal of the interdiction. The judges, however, doubted whether he was yet sufficiently cured of his extravagant ideas and declined to accede to the demand.

A Spanish Matador.

THE following description graphically illustrates the terror and danger attending a Spanish bull-fight: Cucharras, of Puerto, Santa María, is the matador. Majestically he strides towards the Governor's box, stoops in obeisance, and, in a loud voice, makes proclamation: "I pledge myself to Puerto Santa María and all its society, and to the people of Madrid, and now I am ready to kill this vile beast, if the vile beast cannot kill me." He removes his turban, and, with a graceful jerk with his right hand from behind his back over his left shoulder, flings it into the Governor's box, as gage of his boasted prowess. He takes his straight, keen-tempered sword and his cloak of offensive scarlet, and advances towards the bull. Now is the supreme trial; now is the time when men let their lighted cigarettes drop from their mouth and clinch their teeth; now is the time when women close their fans and draw long breaths. Cucharras faces Toro at a yard's distance. They regard each other. Cucharras hides his sword under his cloak, and presents it to the bull. Toro lowers his head, shuts his eyes, and charges, but the torero gracefully slips aside and saves his life by a turn of the heel. Three times he repeats thefeat of this risksome pirouette; but woe is him if he is a second too late in his movements, or if the soil is treacherous. The fourth time, as the bull lowers his head, Cucharras lifts himself on his toes, and, with one sure, swift blow, plunges the blade almost to the hilt in the spine of his antagonist. The bull stands still; there is a shout of bravos; the bull still stands, ten seconds, twenty, thirty; there is a howl of disappointment; but Cucharras gazes contemptuously around, he knows he has done his work well, and, my faith, he has. Toro quivers and drops, and Cucharras plants a foot on the neck of his prostrate enemy. The bull has died of internal hemorrhage; not a drop of blood has distilled from his mouth, Bravo Cucharras! This death at the first thrust—death without the dropping of the crimson fluid from the mouth—is the artisitic death. When the sword pierces at the wrong spot, is displaced by the shaking of the bull, and sent flying, gore-wet, through the air, it is awkward workmanship. But Toro showed *mucho fuego* before he was so prettily pierced in the medulla. Bravo, Toro! And now the *cachetillo* stoops over him, and, with one dig of this sharp knife in the neck, makes assurance doubly sure. The team of mules trots in and trots out again with the dead champion at its heels; and the urchins outside are dancing on his carcass as the drums and cymbals proclaim the entrance of a second bull into the enthusiastic circle.

Ancient Quartz Workers.

THE Minneapolis (Minn.) Tribune of February 2d, in giving the proceedings of the Historical Society there, says a paper was presented by Miss Frances E. Babbitt considering the subject of ancient quartz workers, basing the conclusions upon the discoveries of Professor Winchell at Little Falls and surroundings points. At that place the professor discovered, in 1876, a number of quartz chips which bore evidence of having been cut from the parent rock by the hand of man. He further concluded that the quartz workers inhabited this country before the mound-builders' race; he found these chips in strata underlying the mound-building period. He therefore fixes the era of the quartz workers as that ending with the last glacial period. It is often disputed, however, whether these quartz remains belong to a post-glacial folk, or to glacial, inter-glacial or pre-glacial people, the question being difficult to decide because the remains found and noted by Professor Winchell, which are surface deposits, are so scattered and irregular. At Little Falls, however, there have been discovered quartz chips and implements occupying regular strata in the earth. The remains consist of hammers, implements, etc., both finished and unfinished, together with the chips struck off from the articles in the process of manufacture. The material of which they are composed is principally compact, lustrous quartz, frequently mortled as if selected with an eye to the artistic beauty. The stratum is some few inches in thickness and lies in the soil a few feet below the surface. The appearances indicate that this was once the site of a manufactory of such quartz objects, and this idea is upheld by various considerations. There are tools found such as would be used in the manufacture of quartz articles, and the whole stratum is mixed with quartz chips which in many cases appear stuck in the dirt just as they fell from the hand of the unknown. Unfinished implements are also found in more or less advanced stages of manufacture. It is not possible to fix the precise point occupied by these remains in the scale of the glacial epoch until the drift features and surrounding formations of the locality

shall be better understood than now. Still, it is certain that the remains belong to a paleolithic people—that is a people living before the end of the last glacial period, because they are deposited in a drift which is known to be of glacial origin. The hard pan upon which the quartz formation lies is probably of the first glacial period, and the quartz may belong to an inter-glacial epoch.

Restoration in Venice.

THE attention of the public in England has been so much absorbed with the proposed restoration of the west front of St. Mark's, at Venice, that there is danger that the scarcely less important operations in progress and in contemplation at the Ducal Palace immediately adjoining the famous church may escape observation. Extensive works in the way of repair and substitution have been going on there for some time past, under the direction of the Cavaliere Forcellini, a distinguished Venetian architect, and have been carried out in a manner which has not escaped severe criticism at the hands of his countrymen. It is now proposed to restore the celebrated Porta della Carta, the lovely doorway leading to the Giant's Staircase, down whose steps rolled the head of Marino Faliero. The lintel of this doorway, a most exquisite piece of work, is cracked, but in no danger of falling, nor does it even need to be shored up. It is, however, to be removed, and a new lintel, copied from the original, put in its place. The work has been delayed in consequence of the difficulty of finding a stone of sufficient size for the purpose, but it is much to be feared that unless some serious remonstrance is made, the substitution will be effected, with the approbation of the majority of the Venetians, the original lintel being, perhaps, preserved in the Correr Museum, which is a kind of *hortus siccus* to which displaced fragments of antiquity are relegated by the municipality. There is not the slightest excuse for this work. The Venetians have, however, the impression that it is perfectly justifiable to remove old work and to replace it with new, provided the new work be an exact reproduction of the old, and the architect who has directed the works of restoration at St. Mark's has carried this doctrine so far as to assert publicly that a portion of the pavement in that basilica which has been recently taken up and relaid under his direction is, in his opinion, superior to the original.

Maple-sugar Weather.

THE mild, Spring-like weather we have been enjoying is called in Northern New England "good sap weather," and that it has proved so in some regions already is proven by the appearance of maple-sugar in this market. The sugar season generally sets in about the 10th of March, but like everything else this year, it appears to be ahead of time. The sugar camp is a grand institution in the Northern States, and is the first active, bustling indication that Spring is really dawning. Alternating warm and cold weather are necessary for successful sapping. Should the thawing and the sunshine continue two or three days without a freeze, the sap will stop running, though why this is the case is not very clear, yet all maple-sugar makers find this out by experience. In new countries maple-trees have undergone the yearly process of tapping for twenty or thirty years without deteriorating in their sap-producing qualities, but, on the contrary, the sap is said to gain in sweetness the longer the old trees have been subjected to the process.

Indians understood sugar-making from the maple-trees, and the process was learned from them, though of a rude and pristine character, by the first white settlers. About the beginning of the present century, a large party of French emigrants, including nobles and priests, who were exiled from their country in consequence of the revolution, purchased a large maple forest near the head of the Black River, in Northern New York, and so little did they know of sugar-making, they tapped their trees in the Summer time, and what was the most ridiculous part of the operation—instead of using the very simple instrument the "spike," which was customary among the natives—they improvised on the latter and inserted a "robinet," with a stopcock at the end, to turn on and off the flowing liquor, such as is used in drawing out the contents of a wine cask.

The Tekke Turkomans.

AN interesting account of the Tekke Turkomans is given by the Moscow correspondent of the Cologne *Gazette*. They are the only Turkomans who do not lead a nomad life; they love their homes, and celebrate them with enthusiasm in their songs. Their total population is about 260,000; one-half of these live in the oasis of Merv, and the other half in the plain of Akhal. They are tall and strongly built, and are distinguished from the rest of the Turkomans (who, as is known, wear high black sheepskin hats) by their low white caps. The Tekkes are brave, enterprising and clever; and they are celebrated in Central Asia as silversmiths and armorers. They are, however, owing to the want of water and the barrenness of the soil in the Akhal plain, poorer than the other Turkomans. This accounts for the majority of them having from time immemorial lived by plunder. Every plundering expedition into the territory of their neighbors is in their eyes a chivalrous undertaking, while theft among themselves is almost unknown. They marry very young, and a man who can afford it usually buys a wife for his son when he is only twelve years old, for from 250 to 1,000 rubles (£30 to £120). There is no political organization among the Tekkes; each man is entirely independent, and does not recognize any constituted authority. There is, however, in each village and fortress a man who by his wealth, ability and experience has become influential among his fellows, and acts as a sort of chief.

Social Life in Hong Kong.

A DISORDERLY Chinaman is uncommon, and a lazy one probably does not exist. He is rarely out of employment, for he will turn his hand to anything; hence beggars are seldom met with in the streets; hence, also, unhappily, among their other virtues, that of picking pockets is included. In this pursuit they are very adroit, and in the allied art of asking half as much again for anything than they intend taking they are perhaps equally skilled and unprincipled. The houses and shops are most curiously constructed, and just as strangely fitted up; not one, however small or poor, but has its domestic altar, its joss, and other quaint and curious arrangements known only to these peculiarly strange people. Look where you will, there are evidences of the customary industry and enterprise of the surprising sons of Shen. Up every alley and in every street we see crowds of little yellow faces, and stumble against brokers or merchants hurrying on to their business, clad in their universal blue-jean jumper and trousers, cotton socks, and shoes of worked silk, with thick wooden-soles; some with, and others without, hats; the shaven face and pigtail so typifying the class, that to note a difference between Sun Shing and Wang Hong is sometimes most embarrassing. The dress of the women differs little from that of the men. The curious, built-up style the married ladies have of wearing their hair gives them a strange appearance; while the younger lasses allow theirs to hang down their backs in tresses, or wear it bound tightly over their foreheads, and

secured as *chignon*. Their cheeks are tinted bright pink, and with their neat little feet and clean and loose clothing they make a very pretty picture. Although great numbers of other nationalities are to be seen, the Chinese are most conspicuous and interesting to the stranger, and when once the business of the day has begun, the din and traffic are enormous; for crowds of men of all creeds and colors—Jew, Pagan and Christian, Buddhist and Parsee, Chinese, Japanese and European—fill the streets, while gangs of coolies chant to keep step, as they press on beneath their heavy burdens. The merchants, whose places of business lie along the Queen's road, are so similar in appearance that a description of one will apply to all. He is generally a fat, round-faced man, with an important and business-like look, wearing the same kind of clothing as the meanest coolie—but of finer material—and is always clean and neat: his long tail, tipped with red or blue silk, hangs down to his heels.

Art Study under Sad Difficulties.

A VERY unusual instance of courage in life is noted in Cincinnati. At No. 68 West Eighth Street is a young lady known only to a limited circle of friends, whose life presents almost a dramatic interest. This lady is Miss Marion Foster, who is endeavoring to obtain work in her art of crayon portraits and painting in water colors. Seven years ago Miss Foster lost the use of her lower limbs from the effects of poisonous vaccine matter. Since that time she has been almost helpless. She sits in a wheeled chair, which she can move at pleasure, and in this does her work. Miss Florence Foster, her sister, is with her, and together the young ladies have taken a room, where they do their own "light housekeeping." They arrived in that city strangers and alone, from Minerva, Ohio. To Miss Foster art study is an absorbing purpose, and she has thus faced difficulties which would have appalled many women in perfect health. These young ladies are relatives—distantly connected, we believe—with Governor Foster, of that State. The family of the Governor have extended much kindness to Miss Marion, ordering of her portraits in crayon of both the Governor and Mrs. Foster. The flower pieces done in water colors by Miss Foster are very delicate and pleasing. Two of these pieces were exhibited at the Artists' Reception, and met approval. Many of the guests of that night will remember seeing Miss Foster, helpless in her wheeled-chair, yet taking in such positive enjoyment from the evening. To great natural talent this young lady adds some study and an immense amount of persistence. She is doing work at remarkably low rates, and many interested in this line of work, or moved by personal sympathies for this young lady, may find it of interest to call upon her.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Opening of the Italian Parliament.

The present session of the Italian Parliament was opened by King Humbert in person on February 14th last. Much alarm is felt at the physical condition of His Majesty, as he is known to be consumptive, and does not look as if he could last many years. His Queen, the popular Marguerite, is also exceedingly delicate, and has lost much of her buoyancy since the attempt on the King's life. The Crown-Prince, too, although but seven or eight years of age, is very nervous, and has not recovered from the fright of the assault upon his father. The present dynasty of Italy, therefore, does not give evidence of a robust or lengthy existence.

Russia under Melikoff.

The pacific policy of General Melikoff is practically abandoned, and rigorous measures will shortly be introduced to crush out the conspiracies that are spreading through every part of the empire. The pressure that is being brought to bear upon the Czar to effect the removal of Prince Gortschakoff from the Chancellery and General Mititine from the Ministry of War is attributed to German influences, which at present is very powerful. Gortschakoff is reticent, but is watching every move of his enemies, and his friends confidently predict that, even if he is removed, the change will be only a temporary one, as he is the representative of the old Russian feeling that has, in the end, invariably controlled the destinies of the empire. The Emperor is daily growing more anxious to leave St. Petersburg. Although every precaution is taken to prevent the introduction of Nihilist documents into the Palace, circulars continue making their appearance even in the Czar's most private rooms. The police are at their wits' end. The guards have been more than doubled, and are changed constantly, but without avail, and the Emperor, in despair, has signified his intention to leave for Livadia within the next fortnight, providing the Czarina is well enough to accompany him.

Visit of the King of Cambodia to Saigon.

On the 20th of November Phra Norodon, King of Cambodia, reached Saigon, the capital of French Cochin China, to pay his annual official visit. France having accepted or assumed the Protectorate of his States. Under the treaty he is to be received with royal honors. Accordingly, his visit is the occasion of a general holiday. As horse-races, fireworks, military reviews, grand ball and night illuminations take place, and all the world try to enjoy themselves to the utmost, simply to honor His Majesty. One of the entertainments usually given is a game of chess in which the pieces are all represented by young men, the chess board being about sixty feet square. They were dressed in antique style, according to the traditions of the boozes, and one of the boozes directed the game. It was very amusing to see the pieces move at the direction of this old priest as each player expressed the wish to make a move, for each player had to communicate his wishes to the director. As the pieces were trained, they made their moves with great accuracy and as soberly as though performing some important operation.

The Distress in Ireland.

The latest dispatch from London concerning the famine in Ireland says, in order that relief of the people in distress on the coasts of Galway and Mayo may be carried out effectively, a frigate has been dispatched in addition to the three gunboats hitherto employed. The Duke of Edinburgh will shortly arrive on the west coast of Ireland to inspect the arrangements for relief. Our large engraving represents the scene in the turf-market at Westport, County Mayo, at the distribution of relief tickets for small portions of "yellow meal," or maize flour, doled out by the local relief committees to the destitute people of that neighborhood. Another sketch by our own artist, taken at the same place, is entitled "Going to Business." It shows the disturbed and excited condition of popular feeling, and the sense of insecurity that prevails in some districts, where the peasants have been led to cherish sentiments of animosity and to threaten dire vengeance against those connected with the landlord interest. The agent of the Marquis of Sligo, who is the gentleman hero seen going to his business office in the town of Westport, guarded by armed constabulary, has had several narrow escapes of being murdered by a gang of desperate villains sworn to take his life. He has been shot at five times; the last time was about three months ago. Though warned previously not to go without an escort, he went accompanied only by his son, and was attacked by four men with blackened faces. They fired at him but missed him, and his son then shot one of the assailants.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE taxable property in Augusta, Ga., is assessed at \$14,000,000.

—THE University of Sydney, New South Wales, has had a bequest of \$500,000.

—SEVENTY-six towns in Connecticut—about one-half the State—have voted against licensing the sale of liquor.

—AN international dog show is announced to be held at Haarlem, in Holland, from the 26th to the 28th of June.

—ONE hundred Italian families will go to Arkansas next Fall to settle in the St. Joseph colony at Morrilton.

—THE number of building permits issued in Boston since the year opened is twice that issued in the same period of 1879.

—CAPTAIN H. W. HOWGATE, of the United States Signal Office, has been elected a corresponding member of the Geographical Society of Antwerp.

—HEAVY rains in South Carolina have caused the overflow of the Congaree and Wateree Rivers, near Columbia. Planters report considerable loss of cattle by drowning.

—VIRGINIA and Maryland capitalists have bought 23,000 acres of copper lands in Northwestern Texas, and families from those States are rapidly taking possession.

—GENERAL TODLEREN is reported to have said that ten pounds more of dynamite would have sent the whole superstructure above the cellar in the Czar's Winter Palace into the air.

—VERONA is shortly either to be deprived of its rank as a great fortress, or fortified like Metz and Strasbourg in a first-class modern style. The War Department at Rome is studying the question.

—ACCORDING to the last census, Japan has a population of 34,308,404 inhabitants. The capital of the empire, Tokio, or, as it is otherwise called, Yedo, had at the end of 1879 a population of 1,036,771.

—THE memorial which is being addressed to Queen Victoria in support of the legalization of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, by the mayors and ex-mayors of boroughs, has just been signed by the Lord Mayor of London.

—ACCORDING to the *Academy*, the German excavations at Pergamos have come to an end, the Turkish firman granted for the purpose having expired. The last discoveries are statues of Zeus and Augustus, found near the Temple of Augustus, which appears to date from the time of Tiberius.

—AN international exhibition of jewelry will be held at Gröningen, Holland, in the latter part of July, 1880. The most interesting feature of the display will probably be a collection of tools employed in the manufacture of jewels and watches during the last three centuries. The prizes awarded will consist of gold, silver and brass medals.

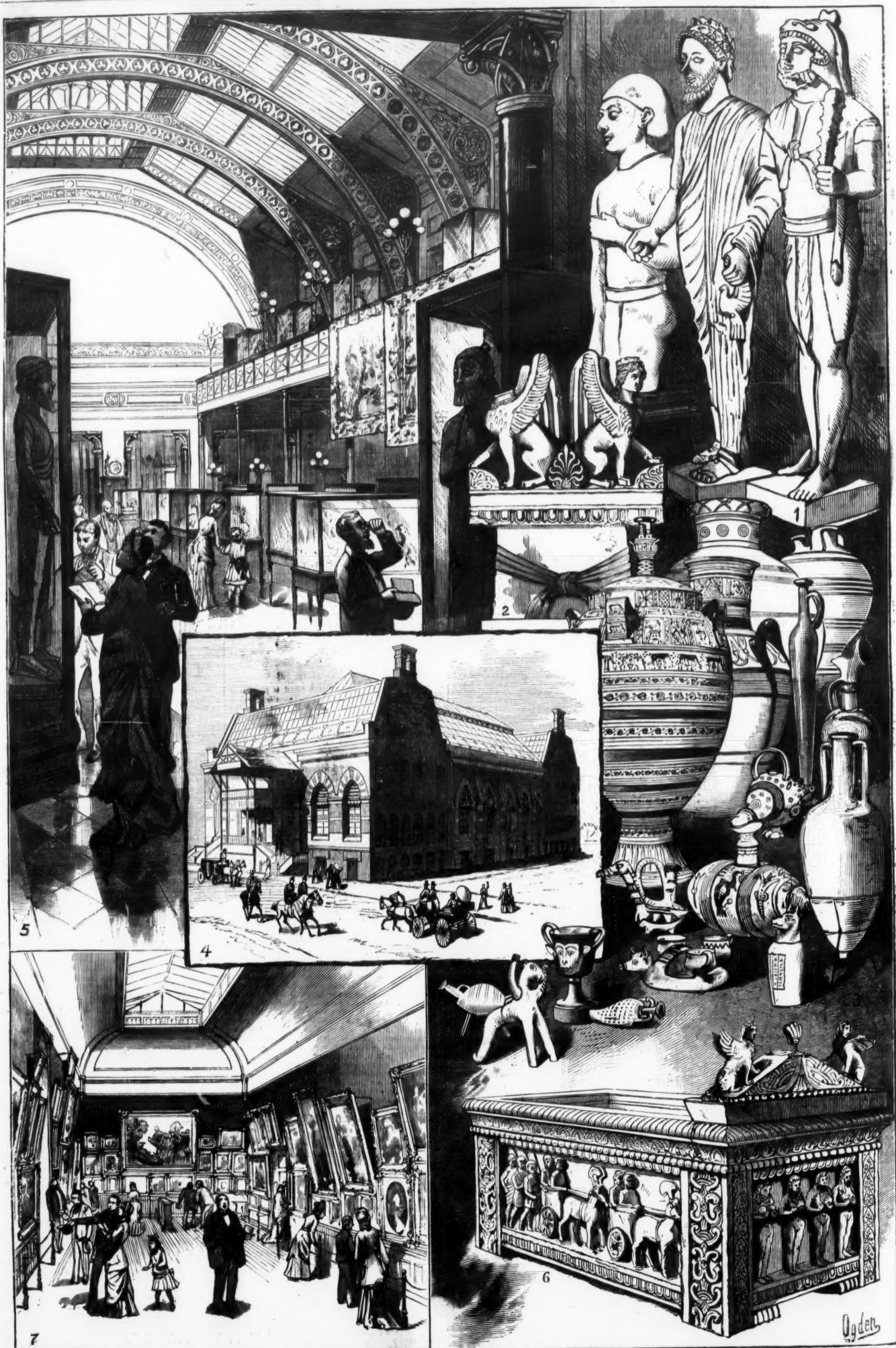
—THERE is some talk of constructing on the Place du Carrousel, at Paris, a vast monument illustrating the history of past republican governments. The four angles of the future monument will be occupied by colossal equestrian statues of four illustrious generals of the First Republic—Risler, Hooche, Marceau and a fourth who has not yet been chosen.

—THE trustees of the Peabody fund have determined to withdraw aid from the schools of the South, as a rule, and to devote the interest of the fund to the better education of teachers. In Southern Carolina so much of the fund as is available will be employed in defraying the expenses of teachers' institutes throughout the State, in charge of the Superintendent of Education.

—IN the Fjord of Utare, on the west coast of Norway, something strange like a large box lately appeared floating about. Some fishermen managed to get hold of it and towed it to shore, where they discovered that it was a damaged railway carriage, without either wheels or windows. On one of the doors the words "Edinburgh" and "Glasgow" were visible, and inside was a bag marked "P. B.," and it is supposed that it may be a carriage of the train which fell into the Tay.

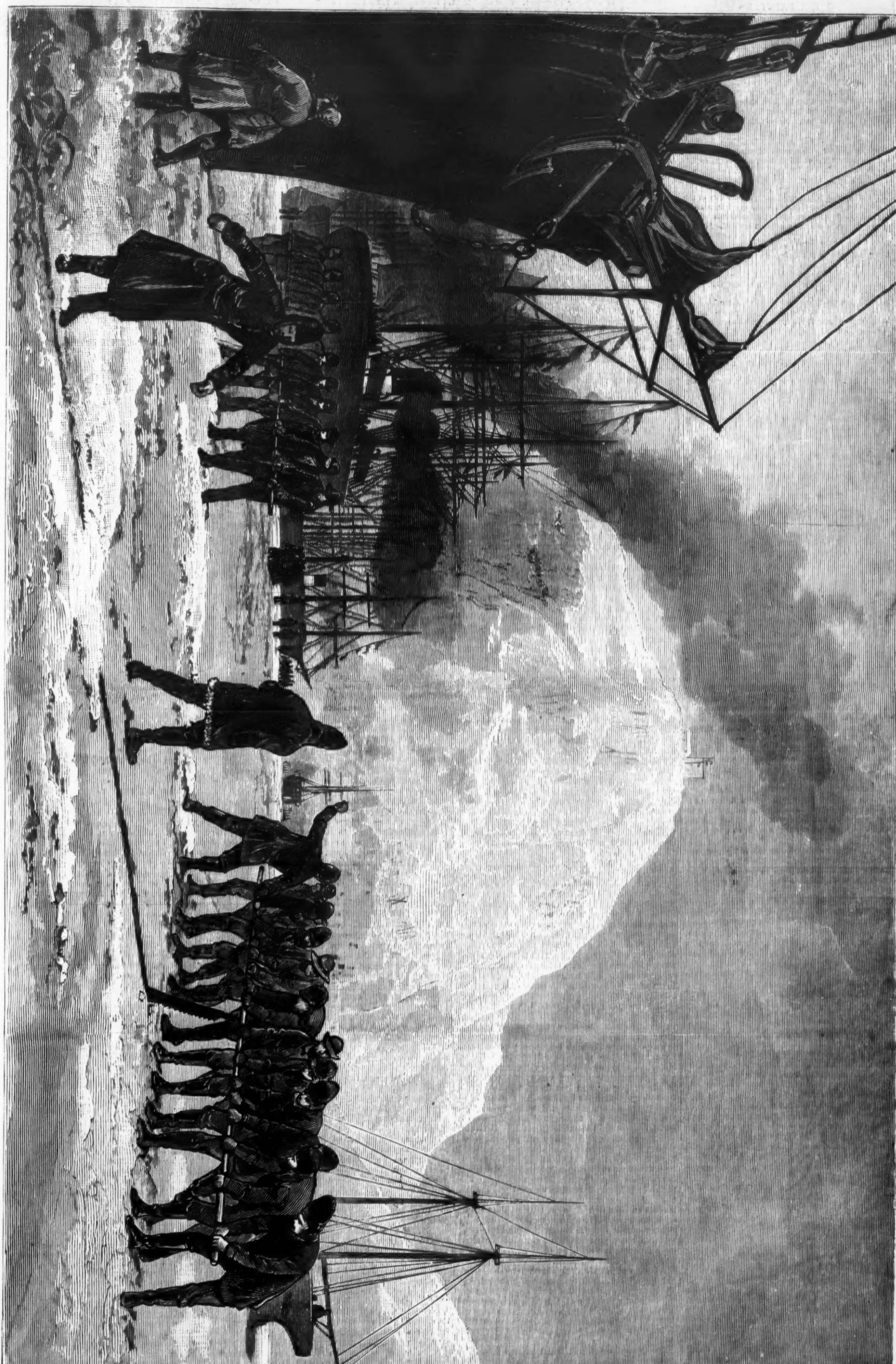
—THIS proposed new Territory of Pembinia, to be composed of the northern part of Dakota, has from forty to fifty thousand people more than any of the Territories had in 1870, except New Mexico and Utah, and four times as many as several of them had at that time. Twenty thousand of these came in 1879, with a prospect of a much larger immigration in 1880, this section having become famous for its large wheat farms and the superior quality of its wheat.

—THE birthplace of Abraham, the Biblical Ur in Chaldea, now called Urfa, was almost entirely destroyed by fire some weeks since. Abraham's house, "Bet Chelli Allah," or the "House of God's Friend," is still in existence, and is yearly visited by numbers of pilgrims as a place of special sanctity, so as the conflagration spread most of the inhabitants fled to the patriarch's dwelling, confident that the flames would respect so holy a relic. Happily, though the fire raged close by, the house remained untouched.



1. Statues of Cypriote Kings. 2. Grecian Sphinx. 3. Ancient Pottery. 4. Exterior View of Museum. 5. The Main Hall. 6. Cypriote Sarcophagus. 7. One of the Art Galleries.

NEW YORK CITY.—ATTRACTI0NS IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, OPENED MARCH 30TH.—SEE PAGE 86.



NEWFOUNDLAND.—CUTTING A CHANNEL IN THE ICE AT ST. JOHNS, TO FACILITATE THE DEPARTURE OF THE SEAL FLEET, MARCH 10TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. A. JACOBS.—SEE PAGE 91.

FOUR PAINTERS.

I.—GÉRÔME.

PICTORIAL majesty, at your command,
Shows all its powers and leaves no realm
untried,
While Drama, taking History by the hand,
Bows to your pencil with allegiant pride.

We feel what splendid eminence you have trod
When seeing the phantom Crosses darkly fall
On Calvary, or dead Caesar, like a god,
Flung prostrate in the senatorial hall!

II.—MEISSONIER.

Watching your arduous work, we vainly guess
What miracle could create, as potent fact,
Such height in brevity, width in narrowness,
And liberal vigor wed with cunning tact!

Your intricate patience, that no toils can crush,
The more we contemplate the reverence more,
Oh, Lilliput Angelo, whose wizard brush
Could paint a battle upon a *louis d'or*!

III.—DAUBIGNY.

What mood of sunlight over meadowy ways
From you its honest portraiture debars?
No candor of morning, or glad noon-tide blaze,
Or pale heavens wistful with the hope of stars.

At will your magic mastery can awake
All subtleties of rich color, till you seize
The spirit of sound as well, and strangely make
Your foliated canvas murmur in the breeze!

IV.—CABANEL.

Those lovely forms that float through story and
dream,
You lure to illume our present, till we meet
In animate beauty of unearthly gleam,
Penelope, Aprodite, Marguerite!

With palette of smiles and tears, by spells un-
known,
You shape each woman or goddess to en-
trance,
While over each your sovereign spells have
thrown
Luxurious golden vapors of romance!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

GOLD DUST AND DIAMONDS.

SHOWING HOW THEY WERE FOUND,
HOW THEY WERE LOST, AND HOW, AFTER
MANY YEARS, THEY WERE FOUND AGAIN.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DIMITRY.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED).

In the friendly assault that followed, Reginald soon had reason to admire Melchior's skill and to confess his own deficiencies. With an ease and a grace that were perfection itself, the latter executed all the more difficult passes, feints and movements known to fencing. So rapidly, indeed, did he at one time press Reginald to the wall with his advance, finally pinning him there, as it were, and at other times successfully parry every thrust made by the latter, standing immovable in his place as he did so, that his foil seemed more as if actuated by some human intelligence of its own than merely following the impulse given to it by its holder's arm and wrist.

"I should pity the man who should be compelled to stand before your sword, Mr. Waring," said Reginald, as he leaned against a chair. "How is it that you do not appear fatigued? As for me, my foil seems to weigh ten pounds."

"Don't suppose that I am not fatigued," returned Melchior. "Our bout lasted nearly five minutes without a rest, and that is a long time to remain with foils crossed. You must remember, too, that I am accustomed to the exercise, and, in addition, I did not exert myself as violently as you did yourself. Nevertheless, I am heartily tired, I assure you."

He threw himself into his seat as he spoke, removing the heavy wire mask, and drew a long breath of relief. Then he divested himself of the jacket and the padded gloves.

"It is these," he said, "that weary me more than the exercise."

"What do you think of me as a swordsman?" asked Reginald, doffing in his turn his fencing gear. "Has the time I have devoted to lessons been well spent?"

"You are but an amateur as yet," was the reply, "and against a beginner, like yourself, I do not doubt but that you could give as well as take. But with a skillful antagonist—"

"The chances would be against me?"

"Decidedly."

"There is one thing, at least, that I can do," exclaimed Reginald, with a touch of vexation in his tone. "And that is, if I go out with Vellani, to beat down the fellow's guard and so neutralize whatever skill he may possess!"

"No," said Melchior, quietly. "That would be rash. I am afraid that you lack one of the chief prerequisites to success in an encounter of this kind. You should keep cool."

"That was the fencing-master's advice. But how the deuce can a man keep cool when he has before him the very cause of his anger, I should like to know!" said Reginald, with an odd look of perplexity on his face.

"That problem is a difficult one to solve," laughed Melchior. "Nevertheless, the fact remains, that if you allow your feelings to control you, you will lay yourself open to serious inconvenience at the hands of your antagonist."

"I acknowledge the justice of your words, Mr. Waring. When I left New York I promised Miss Waring, your sister, that I would be guided by your judgment. I am ready to follow your advice."

"Thank you for the privilege of advising you," returned Melchior. "I have received—what shall I call it?—my instructions from Manuela. She expressed the wish that I should

place myself at your disposal. She said that, entertaining a deep interest in your welfare, she should be better satisfied if I would see you through this adventure as a friend."

Reginald bowed. He was silent; but his thoughts went back lovingly to Manuela.

"Under these circumstances," Melchior continued, "I propose this course: Let us proceed together to Milan. In that city I will make the necessary inquiries regarding Vellani and the Marchesa di Lupo. Then I will go to the lady as your friend, and obtain the manuscript from her."

"And Vellani—what of him?"

"You will write to Vellani a formal demand for an apology. I will make search for him and deliver the note. If he should refuse to apologize, then we will consider the question of the duel."

"The arrangements could not be better. I need only appear, then, at the proper moment?"

"Yes; only when you are needed. By-the-way, I forgot to ask you—it is not important, but still I should like to know—have you any acquaintance whatever with Vellani?"

"No. I never saw him before last week—presuming that it was he who was addressed in the *café* as M. Luigi Vellani, of the Italian army."

"You know him, therefore, merely from the marchesa's account of him?"

"That is all. The marchesa told me once that a cousin of hers of that name, a captain of cavalry in the army of Italy, was in New York and that she expected to return to Europe with him—although her intention, at that time, was to remain for two or three months longer in the United States. Vellani, I presume, was obliged to return sooner than he had expected, and hence her sudden departure from New York."

"To-morrow," said Melchior, after a brief pause, "we will leave for Milan. What say you?"

"So be it. The sooner the better." And then they spoke of other things—of the lost manuscript and the hidden treasure, and of life in New Mexico and on the border.

CHAPTER VII.—THE MARCHESA.

IN after days when the events detailed in this story had become memories of the past, Reginald's thoughts were wont to recur to his journey from Paris to Milan with Melchior with something of a poetic delight.

The twenty-four hours that had elapsed since he had first set eyes on his companion seemed, judged by his feelings, to have lengthened into as many weeks or months, and the subtle sense of the latter's fascination and gentleness of manner, joined as it was to that other equally subtle sense of Melchior's identification with Manuela herself, which he could not efface from his mind, influenced him strangely—much as one is influenced by the odor of a familiar perfume which recalls some past pleasure, the locality and date of which elude the memory.

Insensibly—almost without either's knowing when or how—before they had parted in the Hotel du Louvre on the preceding day, they had dropped the formalities of recent acquaintance and had reached the freedom of calling each other Reginald and Melchior. Insensibly, too, the more masculine nature of Reginald had betrayed him into a little self-assertion which Melchior seemed tacitly to admit. The difference between them in years was great enough to justify the former in regarding his new friend's youth and boyish appearance with a certain feeling of superiority which, however, did not impair the respect entertained for his intelligence and for those accomplishments in which he himself was deficient.

As for Melchior, with his glorious eyes, his deep olive complexion and velvety softness of skin, under which, with the varying phases of his different moods the warm blood burned and mantled; with the beauty more feminine than manly of his features, on which no care had left a line, and which showed in their mobility of expression at one moment the pathos, at another the enthusiasm, of a frank and generous spirit; his were a face and form on which men and women alike looked admiringly.

The morning train from Lyons that left Paris the day subsequent to Reginald's meeting with Melchior, bore the two friends on their way to Milan.

The country through which they passed was fresh with the verdure of early Summer. Many a quaint old town and village and many a delightful grouping of vineyards, with long vistas of poplar and box-trees, together with transitory glimpses of square, brick mansions, their parapet walls adorned with vases filled with flowers, met their gaze as they swept swiftly through the region that lies between Paris and Lyons. The ancient provinces of Champagne, Burgundy and Dauphiny seemed to come out in their brightest apparel of green, and the vine-clad slopes presented charming landscapes to the eye. Here and there the pictures of rural repose were varied with clumps of oaks, chestnut and other forest trees, and occasionally a château of the middle ages, its prison-like appearance suggestive of robber bands and the romance of the nursery, with its little surrounding group of thatched houses, became visible on some eminence for a minute and then vanished.

At Lyons, where they arrived in the evening, they determined to continue their journey without pausing, and the early sun of morning was gilding the tops of the Alps and the red-tiled roofs of Turin, and throwing long shadows from the ancient trees in the environs of that city, when they entered the railway station of the former capital of Sardinia.

"If you do not feel fatigued, Melchior, we have nothing to detain us here," said Reginald.

"Turin has its attractions, but Milan has

greater claims on our attention at this moment. In four hours at most," he continued, consulting his watch, "we shall be there."

"I am as fresh as when I left Paris," replied Melchior. "Let us keep on to Milan."

The comparatively short run from Turin to Milan was speedily made, and soon after their arrival, Reginald and Melchior had secured their respective apartments at the Hotel Cavour.

In an hour's time they again met in the sitting-room of the hotel, after they had changed their clothing, dusty with travel, for more suitable apparel.

"The first thing to be done," said Melchior, "is to discover the residence of the marchesa. Let me recommend you to stroll about the city and amuse yourself until I return. As for myself, I will begin the search at once, and will report the result. To-morrow will be time enough to look for Mr. Vellani."

"How do you expect to find the marchesa?"

"I must trust to the chances. The chief of the city police may be able to tell me."

Reginald smiled.

"An odd intelligence-office in which to obtain tidings of a woman of rank like the Marchesa di Lupo!" he exclaimed.

"True," said Melchior; "but in these Continental cities the police know everything and everybody. It would not be surprising if even this conversation should come to the ears of the *shirr* before the close of the day."

Melchior lost no time in applying to the chief of police for the desired information, nor was he disappointed in the result of his inquiries. His success was due, however, not so much to any hidden knowledge of the marchesa's place of residence that had come to the chief in the course of his official duties, as to the accidental fact that the latter was personally acquainted with her as the widow of the Marquis di Lupo, who had been his friend.

With the directions furnished by the chief, Melchior engaged a carriage and proceeded to the villa, in the suburbs, where dwelt the marchesa. The villa was a large building, stuccoed and painted, situated in the centre of a garden, above the high wall of which was visible a mass of luxuriant foliage. The top of the wall was overgrown with ivy, and the leaves rustled plaintively in the breeze. Two rows of poplars lined the path from the gate to the archway that led to the courtyard.

As Melchior passed through the archway he perceived, standing at a door, a woman who seemed, judging by her appearance, to be one of the household servants.

"Does the Marchesa di Lupo live here?" he asked, speaking in Italian.

"Yes. Does the signor wish to see the marchesa?"

"Tell Madame di Lupo that a gentleman desires the favor of an interview with her."

He handed the servant his card as he spoke, and with it she went into the house. A minute later she returned.

"Will the signor walk up-stairs?" she said.

"The signora will see him presently."

The woman preceded him up a stone staircase and ushered him into the *sala*, where she left him.

In a little while the rustle of a dress in the corridor announced the coming of the marchesa. She entered, a woman of about twenty-five, handsome, beautifully proportioned, with dark hair and large, indolent black eyes.

"Permit me to apologize for this intrusion before I mention the purpose of my visit," said Melchior, bowing. "My name is Melchior Waring, and I am from America."

The marchesa dropped lazily into a chair, and, motioning him to a seat with an easy gesture, inclined her head slightly and sat in an attitude of expectancy.

"A friend of mine, Mr. Reginald Grey—" he began, when she interrupted him.

"Ah, the dear Signor Grey—and how is he?" she asked, with languid smile.

A shadowy look of displeasure came for an instant into his face, but it passed away so rapidly that the marchesa did not perceive it.

"Mr. Grey is in excellent health," he answered. "I was about to ask you, in his name, to return the manuscript which he lent you in New York a few weeks ago, and which, by mistake, you brought away with you when you left that city."

"A manuscript, signor? What manuscript? I do not remember," she replied, raising her eyebrows slightly.

"You will pardon me if I recall to your memory the letter you wrote to Mr. Grey from the steamer *Ville de Paris*, apologizing for having packed up a certain manuscript in one of your trunks."

"Oh, you mean the old paper that he gave me?"

"Gave you?" said Melchior, incredulously.

"Yes. Did he not make me a present of that manuscript?" she asked, with affected surprise.

"Not as I understand it, signora. He has particularly requested me to call for it."

"Perhaps," she said, smiling, "if he were here he would understand it better. I may be mistaken, but my impression is that you are at fault, sir."

"Mr. Grey is nearer to this place than you imagine. In fact, he is at this moment in Milan."

"In Milan!" she exclaimed, with more animation in her manner than she had yet exhibited, and flushing slightly. "Why, then, does he not come to see me?"

"Really, madam, I cannot answer your question. Perhaps his affairs may detain him."

"What affairs? He never spoke of coming to Milan when I saw him in New York."

"Whatever may be the business that brings him to Milan, marchesa, it is enough to know that he is here. It will surprise him, I assure you, to be told that he gave you the manuscript which he has informed me, was only left in your hands for examination. I hope, therefore, that you will return the manuscript without any further explanation."

"It is no longer in my possession."

"May I ask what has become of it?" said Melchior, in a tone of surprise.

"Certainly," replied the marchesa. "Believing that the Signor Grey had presented me with that old paper, I gave it to a friend—a gentleman."

"Signor Luigi Vellani?" said Melchior, with the slightest possible touch of a sneer in his voice.

"It is as you say, Signor Waring," replied the marchesa, with provoking coolness. "You are a prophet, sir."

"No, madam, I am no prophet. You should know that this gentleman—your cousin, I believe?"

"Yes."

"He wrote to my friend, Mr. Grey, a very singular letter—a letter that would have been foolish if it had not been insulting."

"And then?" asked the marchesa, drawing down her eyelids until the pupils of her eyes shone through them like those of a cat.

"I am aware of this letter having been written, and for this reason I supposed that he is the person to whom you have given Mr. Grey's manuscript. I need scarcely ask you if I am right?"

"You are quite right, sir."

"Then I must obtain the manuscript from Mr. Vellani."

"You are at liberty to ask him for it. It is for him to decide whether he will surrender it. After all, it is a small matter. An old piece of paper that the moths have eaten away—it is not worth *that!*" and she waved her hand contemptuously.

"I am sorry to be compelled to disagree with you, madam," said Melchior, sarcastically. "Evidently both you and Mr. Vellani attach great importance to it. Otherwise you would not persist in claiming it as your own in spite of your knowledge to the contrary; nor would you have given it to Mr. Vellani, who, perhaps, may have some idea of attempting to recover the treasure which its writer mentions. You have committed a dishonest action, and I have no hesitation in telling you so!"

With a flushed face the marchesa rose from her chair.

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chief of police and ending with his departure from the marchesa's residence.

"Do you think," said Reginald, with a grave expression in his face, "that the marchesa will be so indiscreet as to excite Vellani against you?"

"Who can tell? She seemed very much in earnest when she spoke of it. But let us wait until to-morrow. If Vellani should present himself—or should send a friend—of course, I should be compelled to accommodate him. As to apologizing to the lady for any words I may have spoken which displeased her, that is out of the question."

"But what becomes of my affair with him?"

"You haven't any affair with him yet, and if he should seek a quarrel with me, I shall have the priority. But to-morrow, doubtless, will tell the story. Until then, let us cease to concern ourselves about the matter."

The morning of the next day was passed by the friends in expectation of the receipt of some intimation that the marchesa had carried out her threat and had engaged Vellani to call Melchior to account.

After informing the proprietor of the hotel where to find them in case a messenger should come for Melchior, they repaired to the sitting-room and sat there, awaiting developments and conversing on the probabilities.

A half-hour later the proprietor joined them. He held a letter in his hand.

"A letter for Signor Melchior Waring," he said.

"Who brought it, signor?" asked Melchior.

"A woman, who said it was to be delivered at once."

"Thanks. Is the messenger waiting?"

"No, signor. She went away immediately on delivering the note to the attendant," replied the proprietor, as he withdrew.

"This rather alters the case," said Melchior, as he scanned the address. "The marchesa seems to have thought better of her purpose, and instead of sending Vellani in search of me, she has written to me herself."

"Is that note from her?"

"Yes. The handwriting is the same as that of the letter she addressed to you in New York, and here," he added, opening the letter and reading it, "is what she has written. Allow me to translate it from the Italian for your benefit."

"MILAN, June 25th, 187—

"The Marchesa di Lupo regrets that any cause of disagreement should have arisen between her and Signor Melchior Waring during their interview yesterday, and in order that future trouble may be avoided, and as an evidence of her forgiveness of his hasty words, she requests his presence at her residence at twelve o'clock, noon, to-day."

"What can be the meaning of this sudden change?" said Reginald, wonderingly.

Melchior smiled the peculiar smile his face had worn when he had parted from the marchesa the day before.

"Who can tell?" he replied. "Women are strangely contradictory at times, and the Marchesa di Lupo is no exception to her sex probably. Some whim has seized her, it may be, and she is disposed to be friendly to-day, whereas yesterday she was at variance."

"Then we need not expect Mr. Vellani's visit?"

"That remains to be seen. Wait until I shall have had the interview with the marchesa."

"You intend to respond to the invitation, then?"

"Of course. I have an idea that she means to give me the manuscript. Where shall you be at two o'clock?"

"I shall remain here until you return?"

"Very well. I have half an hour before me in which to reach the villa. *Au revoir.*"

From the hotel Melchior went to the nearest carriage-stand and engaged a vehicle, in which he was driven to his destination.

The Marchesa di Lupo greeted him on her entrance into the *sala* with a demeanor that was in marked contrast to her manner on the previous day.

"I was afraid, Signor Waring," she said, with a gracious smile, "that you would attach more importance than they deserved to my words of yesterday, and that you would be so ungallant as to fail to respond to my invitation of this morning."

"The importance I attached to your words, signora," he replied, "was merely the importance you gave to them yourself. I certainly prefer that our brief and temporary acquaintance should be an agreeable one."

"Why do you say 'temporary acquaintance'? Ah, I perceive that, notwithstanding the note I wrote you this morning, you still are displeased with me."

"You are in error, signora. But our acquaintance necessarily must be brief, inasmuch as I shall leave Milan in a very few days."

"Have you nothing to say for yourself?" she asked, after a short pause. "Have you no regret to express for what you said yesterday? What was it? That I was dishonest—was it not?"

"I should prefer to believe that since our interview yesterday you have remembered more distinctly the circumstances under which you received the manuscript from Mr. Grey," observed Melchior, with a bow. "If I misjudged you, I am ready to apologize."

She inclined her head as if in acceptance of the implied apology.

"If I say to you, then, let us be friends and let us forget the events of yesterday, will you agree?" she asked, with a glance, the meaning of which it was impossible for Melchior to misunderstand.

"But at the same time," he replied. "I must not forget that I have a duty to perform, and that duty, as you know, is to obtain the manuscript."

She held in her hand a fan with which up to this moment she had been fanning herself languidly, but as he uttered these words she closed the fan with a violent movement and

waving, as if waving away from her the subject of the manuscript, replied:

"That matter shall be settled satisfactorily. I was not thinking of the manuscript. Please do not speak of it again. It tires me."

She reclined in her chair, and as the fan, which she had opened again, resumed its slow movement, she fixed her large, lustrous eyes on Melchior's face with an expression of weariness.

Perhaps he understood the marchesa; perhaps he did not. At all events he did not seem inclined to respond to her wish to dismiss the manuscript from among the topics of conversation.

"I am sorry," he observed, "that the subject fatigues you, for, to speak truly, I came here this morning believing that you had obtained the manuscript from Mr. Vellani and that you would return it to me."

"Will you be satisfied if I promise to send it to your hotel? I must first get it from Signor Vellani."

"When will that be, signora?"

"To-night. I have written to him to bring it to me. But tell me, does Signor Grey regard that manuscript as of any value?"

"You have seen it and can judge of its importance yourself."

"Signor Vellani thinks—"

"Thinks what?" asked Melchior, as the marchesa paused abruptly.

"He thinks that if the writing were complete it might be very valuable to its possessor. That is all."

"A very wise opinion, signora."

"Does Signor Grey," she pursued, "intend to search for the treasure of which the writer speaks?"

"He may do so."

"Has he any other clews to it than those contained in the old paper?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Then how does he expect to find the treasure?"

"By chance, perhaps."

"There is a better way to find it than by chance," she observed, significantly.

"Indeed! And what is that better way, marchesa?"

"Give up your intention to leave Milan in a day or two, and I will tell you."

Again she glanced at Melchior with a look that he could not fail to comprehend.

"Why do you wish me to remain?" he asked, as if not understanding the impulse that actuated her.

"Why? Oh, simply because it is my pleasure that you should remain."

"What would Signor Vellani say should he hear you express a desire for me to remain in Milan? Would he not be jealous?"

She shrugged her shoulders and curled her lips contemptuously.

"Where is the man," she replied, "who is not jealous? To be a man is to be jealous."

"I have no disposition to add to his jealousy, signor," said Melchior, "and, therefore—"

What more he might have said, and what the marchesa might have replied, must remain a matter of conjecture, for at this moment a quick, active step was heard in the corridor, and the latter drew back in her seat.

"Hush!" she exclaimed, placing her finger to her lips. "Here is Luigi!"

Mr. Luigi Vellani—for the marchesa's ear had not deceived her, and it was he—came down the corridor towards the *sala*, humming the *Duke's* song in "*Rigoletto*:

"La donna è mobilé!"

As he reached the threshold of the apartment he paused, glanced swiftly and suspiciously at Melchior, and, with a stiff bow, spoke to the marchesa:

"Pardon, signora!" he said. "I was not aware that you are not alone."

The marchesa left her seat and walked to where he was still standing at the doorway. Melchior heard her utter a few sentences in suppressed tones, while an incredulous smile appeared on Vellani's face. As a lover's quarrel evidently was brewing between the two, and he had no inclination to remain and witness the outburst, he rose to go.

"Signora," he said, thinking of the manuscript, "may I request you to remember your promise?"

At these words Vellani broke past the marchesa and stood before him.

"And what promise, signor—whatever you may be—do you call on the Marchesa di Lupo to remember?" he asked.

"Let the lady reply if she likes," said Melchior. "As to you, signor, I do not know you."

"My name is Vellani—Luigi Vellani, of the Italian army," replied Vellani, losing his self-control. "And when you say that you do not know me, it is I who have a right here to ask, 'Who are you?'"

"I will answer for him," exclaimed the marchesa, approaching Vellani. "Let it suffice that he is my guest for the moment at least, and, while he remains my guest, you must show him proper respect."

(To be continued.)

DEPARTURE OF THE SEAL FLEET FROM ST. JOHNS.

WEDNESDAY, March 10th, was a great day at St. Johns, Newfoundland, for it marked the departure of the seal fleet for the annual cruise. Heretofore the vessels composing the fleet were in the habit of starting on the first of the month, but as the whelping of the seals takes place about that time, the local Legislature passed an Act changing the time of departure from the first to the tenth. This provision, it is thought, will preserve the seals from extinction, a result which was threatened by the too rapid slaughter of the valuable fish before attaining their prime, which is usually reached in two weeks after their birth.

Preparatory to the start, long wide channels were cut through the ice which covered the harbor. The ice being very thick and solid, the process of cutting

was performed by huge ice-saws with handles so long that scores of men could simultaneously ply them. Each sweep of these great saws was accompanied by the wild-sea choruses of the crowds of seal-hunters assembled on the ice. Every steamer and sailing-vessel of the fleet was lavishly decorated with flags.

Political Conventions Approaching.

CALLS have been issued for national and State political conventions at the times and places here mentioned:

Wednesday, April 7th.—Connecticut Republican, in New Haven; Iowa Democratic, in Burlington.

Monday, April 12th.—Louisiana Democratic, in New Orleans.

Wednesday, April 14th.—Kentucky Republican, in Louisville; Iowa Republican, in Des Moines; Missouri Republican, in Sedalia.

Thursday, April 15th.—Massachusetts Republican, in Worcester.

Tuesday, April 20th.—Texas Democratic, in Galveston.

Wednesday, April 21st.—Virginia Republican, in Staunton; Georgia Republican, in Atlanta; Oregon Republican, in Portland.

Wednesday, April 24th.—Ohio Republican, in Columbus; South Carolina Republican, in Columbia; Arkansas Republican, in Little Rock.

Wednesday, May 5th.—Tennessee Republican, in Nashville; Wisconsin Republican, in Madison; Mississippi Republican, in Jackson; North Carolina Greenback, in Greensboro.

Thursday, May 6th.—New Jersey Republican, in Trenton; New Hampshire Republican, in Concord; Maryland Republican, in Frederick; Ohio Democratic, in Columbus.

Tuesday, May 11th.—Nevada Republican, in Austin.

Wednesday, May 12th.—West Virginia Republican, in Wheeling; Michigan Republican, in Detroit; Florida Republican, in Gainesville; Wisconsin Democratic, in Madison.

Wednesday, May 19th.—Illinois Republican, in Springfield; Virginia Conservative, in Richmond.

Thursday, May 20th.—Alabama Republican, in Selma; New Jersey Democratic, in Trenton.

Wednesday, May 26th.—Kansas Democratic, in Topeka.

Tuesday, June 1st.—South Carolina Democratic, in Columbia.

Wednesday, June 2d.—Republican National, in Chicago, Ill.; Alabama Democratic, in Montgomery; Mississippi Democratic, in Jackson; Arkansas Democratic, in Little Rock.

Thursday, June 3d.—Workingmen's National Convention, in Chicago, Ill. (Kearney.)

Tuesday, June 8th.—Tennessee Democratic, in Nashville.

Wednesday, June 9th.—National Greenback Labor National, in Chicago, Ill.; Indiana Democratic, in Indianapolis.

Thursday, June 17th.—National Prohibition, in Columbus, Ohio; Indiana Republican, in Indianapolis (State officers); North Carolina Democratic, in Raleigh; Kentucky Democratic, in Lexington.

Tuesday, June 22d.—Democratic National, in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Wednesday, July 7th.—North Carolina Republican, in Raleigh (State officers).

Wednesday, July 28th.—West Virginia Democratic, in Martinsburg (State officers).

Tuesday, August 10th.—Tennessee Democratic, in Nashville (candidate for Governor).

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

By command of the Queen a stone cross has been erected on the spot where the Prince Imperial lost his life, in Zululand.

UNION COLLEGE has received an endowment of \$10,000 from the sons of the late Asa Packer as a memorial of their father.

PRINCE FREDERICK, reputed the wealthiest Highlander, lately attained his eighty-third year. He is Grand Master of the Dutch Masons.

THEODORE MARTIN, who has just completed the life of the Prince Consort, has been knighted by the Queen, and also made Knight Commander of the Bath.

MINISTER JOHN A. KASSON has written home from Austria that he would accept the nomination for Congress from the Republicans of the Seventh District of Iowa.

THE death of her mother, at the age of ninety-one, leaves Miss Florence Nightingale an orphan. "Santa Filomena" herself is a great invalid, yet there are few busier women in the world. She seldom leaves her room, but she is never idle.

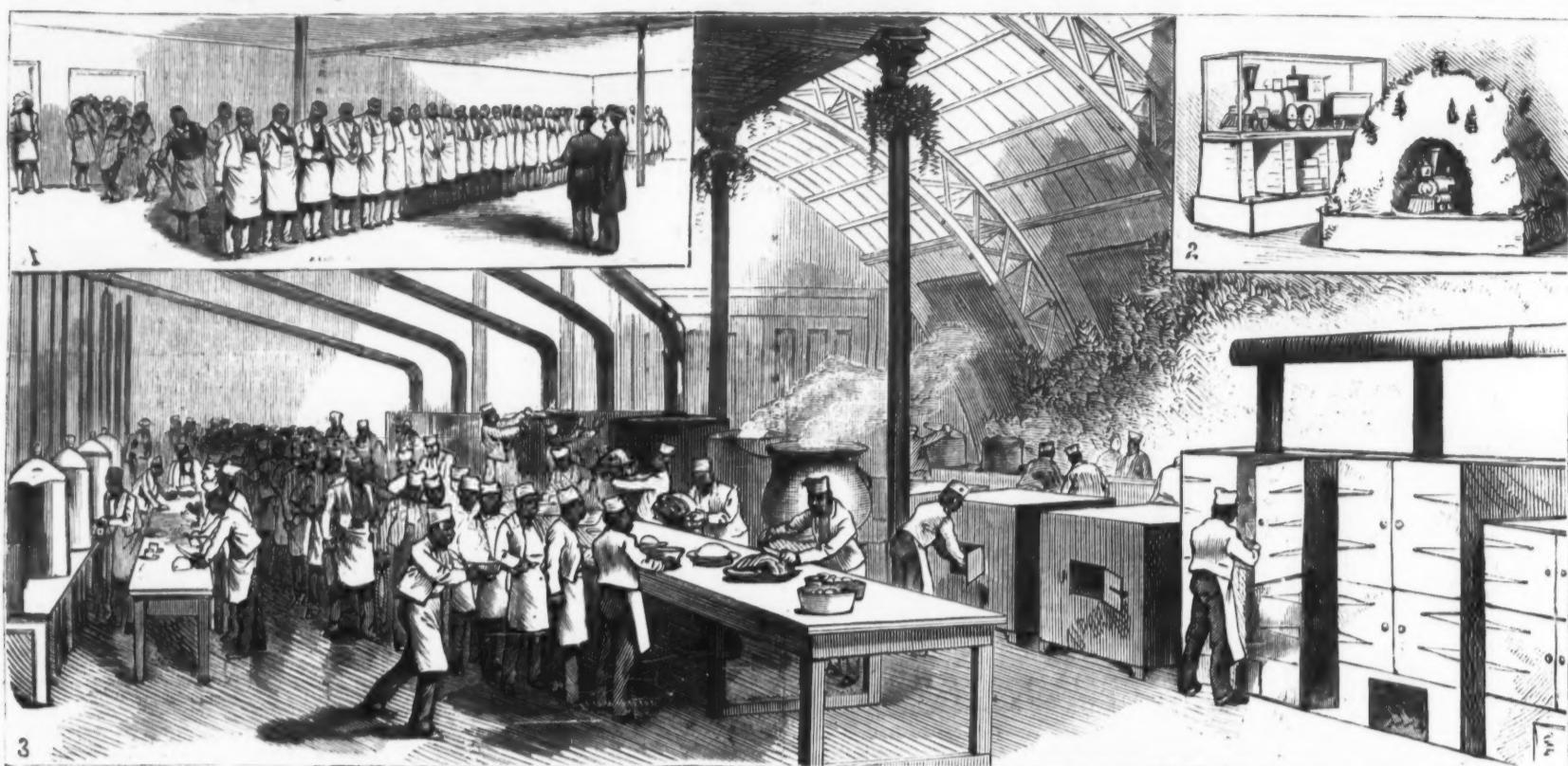
ALBERT SOWINSKI, the Polish pianist, the rival and contemporary of Liszt, Thalberg and Chopin during the reign of Louis Philippe, has just died in his seventy-fourth year. He was the son of a Polish General killed by the Russians during one of the risings in Poland.

A MAN dressed as a Dervish stabbed the Grand Shereef of Mecca on the 14th instant as he was entering Jidda, the seaport of Mecca. The Shereef died on the 21st from his injuries. Sir Austin Layard has received a telegram stating that the assassin is a Persian fanatic.

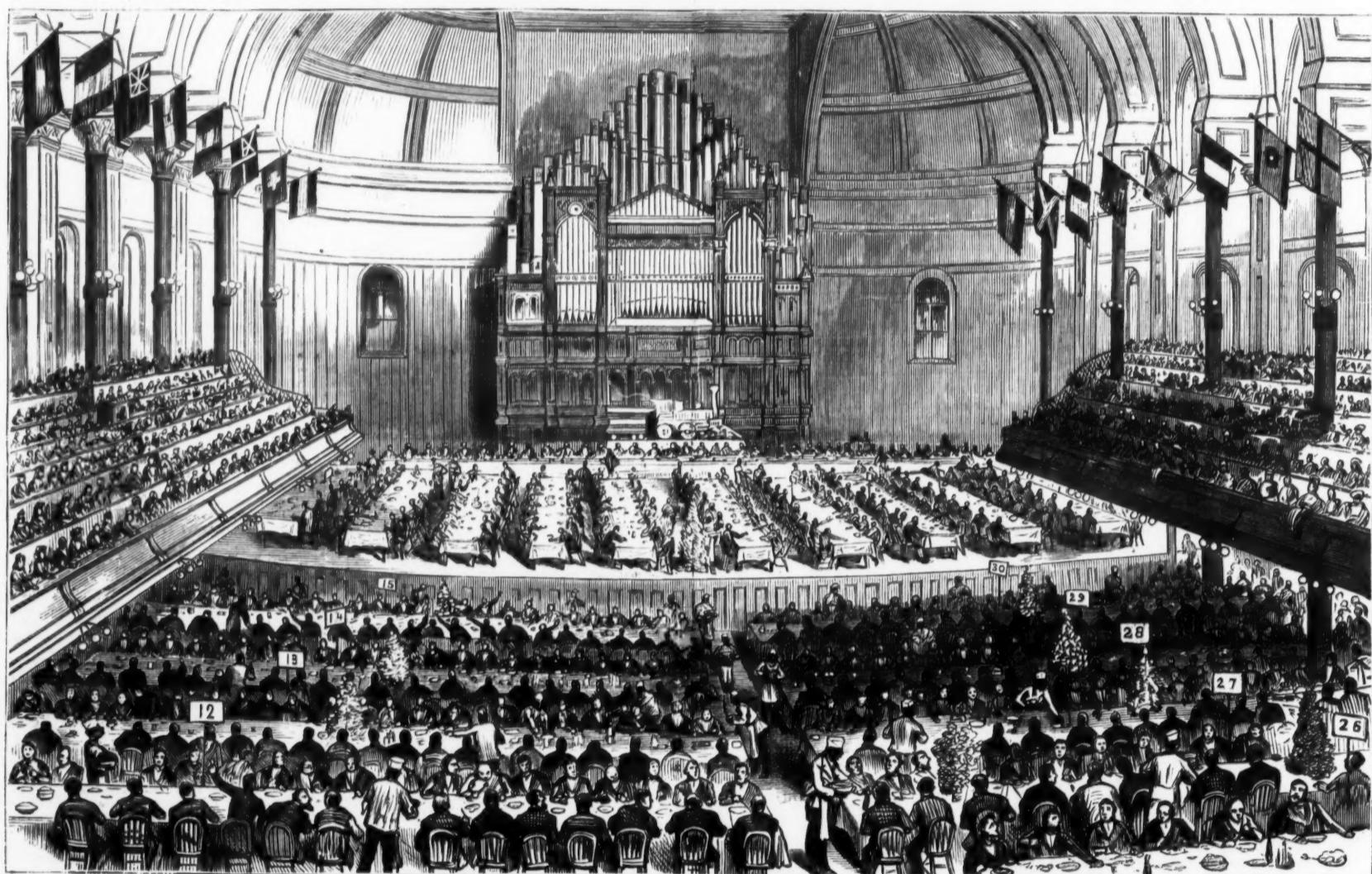
EX-GOVERNOR JOSEPH E. BROWN has presented to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, at Louisville, Ky., \$50,000 for the endowment of a Professorship. The whole amount has been paid, and is now in the hands of the Rev. James P. Boyce, D. D., Chairman of the Faculty.

THE Duke of Newcastle, the Marquis of Anglesey and the Earl of Fife, who died in 1879, were the three most heavily insured men in England, the companies being hit for £6,250,000, while two other noblemen who have just died had between them £1,250,000 in the same companies.

GENERAL H. E. Paine, Commissioner of Patents, has tendered his resignation, to take effect as soon as the unfinished business of his office can be disposed of. He will resume the practice of law with his former partners. Mr. Paine says



1. MARSHALING THE WAITERS. 2. A SPECIMEN CAKE. 3. THE KITCHEN.

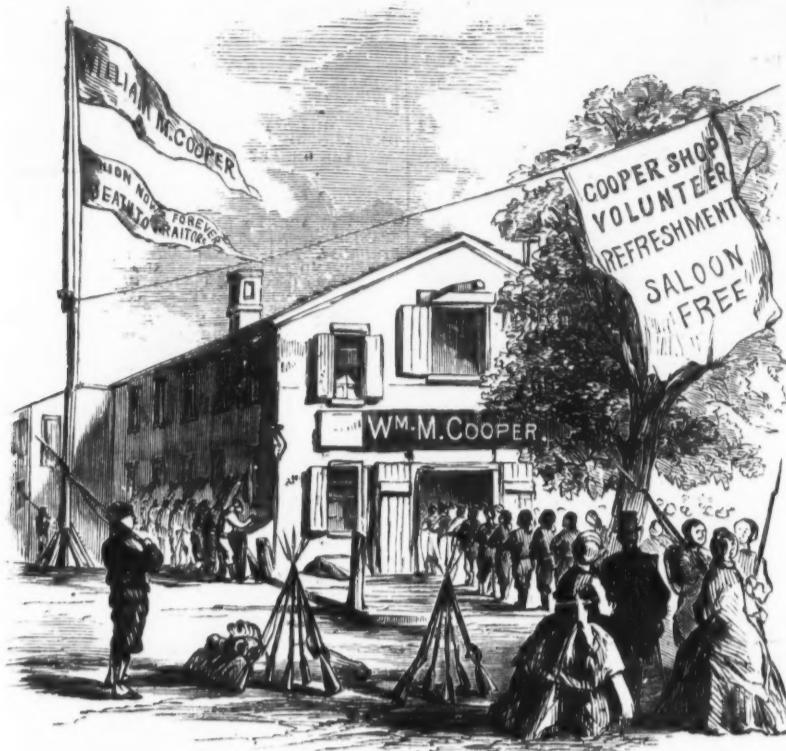


THE GREAT BANQUET IN THE AUDITORIUM OF THE MUSIC-HALL.



THE WINE-CELLAR.

OHIO.—GRAND CELEBRATION IN CINCINNATI OF THE COMPLETION OF THE CINCINNATI SOUTHERN RAILROAD.
FROM SKETCHES BY E. JUMP.



EXTERIOR OF THE COOPER SHOP REFRESHMENT SALOON, PHILADELPHIA.

HELPING THE FAMILY OF A PATRIOT.

VETERANS of the Union Army during our civil war, no less than the general public, will remember that troops from the East, bound for Washington, in passing through Philadelphia, were usually landed at Washington Street wharf, on the Delaware River, proceeding thence to the trains running South. About one block from this landing, Mr. William M. Cooper, then a wealthy man, had an unpretentious two-story frame and brick building, which the owner made historic by the uses to which his patriotism devoted it. One morning, as Mr. Cooper was on his way to his place of business, he met a Massachusetts regiment, which had just arrived, endeavoring to make itself comfortable in the street. The men were tired and hungry. They had no food with them, and the neighbors had opened their doors and were doing all in their humble power to alleviate the temporary needs of the soldiers. The idea struck Mr. Cooper that he would place the immense furnace in his shop at the disposal of the citizens to boil coffee upon. He did so, and this was the beginning of one of the grandest patriotic charities known in the history of the rebellion. Immediately Mr. Cooper cleared his shop, and determined to aid the cause for the Union as best he could, since he was too far advanced in years to shoulder a musket. He set up what was christened the "Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment Saloon," which ended its existence only when the last of the brave men who had been spared by the enemies' bullets passed through Philadelphia on their return home. The citizens came to his aid, and contributions of all sorts poured in upon him. The founder of the place used his private means liberally, and no soldier was ever turned away hungry. In addition, a hospital was established in the second story, and the sick were cared for.

After the war, Mr. Cooper turned his attention to business again, but new and more energetic men had supplanted him while he was aiding the government in its struggle for existence. At last he was compelled to give up the struggle, and retire to a humble life with the scanty means at his disposal. Sickness fell upon him and he died, leaving his family, consisting of a wife and two daughters, in almost utter destitution, and the house they lived in advertised for sale. The matter was brought to the attention of a number of prominent gentlemen, and they immediately started a subscription for the relief of the family. An appeal has been made to all the Grand Army members and soldiers who were fed at the Cooper Shop to send a small tribute

for the relief of the widow and family of the philanthropist. William M. Singerly, proprietor of the Philadelphia *Record*, has taken charge of the matter vigorously, and has already received numerous contributions from veterans in New York City and New England, and there is no doubt that as the facts of the case become known, the donations will become very considerable. Among the contributors are the veterans of the Seventy-first Regiment of this city, who have appropriated fifty dollars from the regimental funds. It is to be hoped that others than veterans of the war, who appreciate Mr. Cooper's loyal efforts, may feel constrained to join in the movement for the relief of those he has left in want. The sum of \$15,000 will be required to remove the incumbrance on the property now threatened with sale.

by a sculling movement. The neck was long, yet thick, and sufficiently powerful to sustain the great head high out of water when engaged in swallowing its prey. And what a wonderful provision of means for securing singular ends was there in that remarkable head.

"The huge jaws were fenced with terrible teeth, very like but far more formidable than those of the crocodile. The bony framework of the lower jaw was very singular. It had a sort of elbow-jointing, which was very significant. He had to swallow his prey entire; and oftentimes this was a fish of very large size. Now came in the utility of this elbow-jointed jaw, as in this way the animal could enlarge the opening of the gullet, and thus making possible the swallowing of his meal. Still, at best, this act of swallowing was slow, and the retaining of a powerful struggling prey would be very difficult, hence the upper jaw had an auxiliary contrivance, which exactly met the necessities of the case. It was really in function a small supernumerary jaw, with small, curved and very sharp teeth. This apparatus is really a grapple. As the great jaws with their formidable teeth give a hitch, and thus force the struggling prey a little way down the mouth, to get another hitch the jaws must open wide again, when the prey would fall out. At this juncture down comes the little grapple-jaw, and holds the struggling prey in place. So the movements of the great jaws and the small supernumerary one alternate until the prey is safely down the great maw."

was one colored waiter, clothed in spotless white jacket, vest, apron and tie; while each table was under the supervision of a head waiter in full dress. The viands were profuse in their abundance. Here there were 10,000 oysters on the half shell, 100 gallons of soup, 1,200 pounds of fish, 1,000 pounds of sirloin, 2,000 croquettes, 1,000 pounds of venison,



THE LATE WILLIAM M. COOPER, FOUNDER OF THE SOLDIERS' REFRESHMENT SALOON, PHILADELPHIA.

A GREAT RAILROAD FESTIVAL.

THE celebration of the completion of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad by a grand banquet, tendered by that city to fifteen hundred representative Southern citizens, on the 18th of March, was an occasion of more than ordinary interest. The visitors

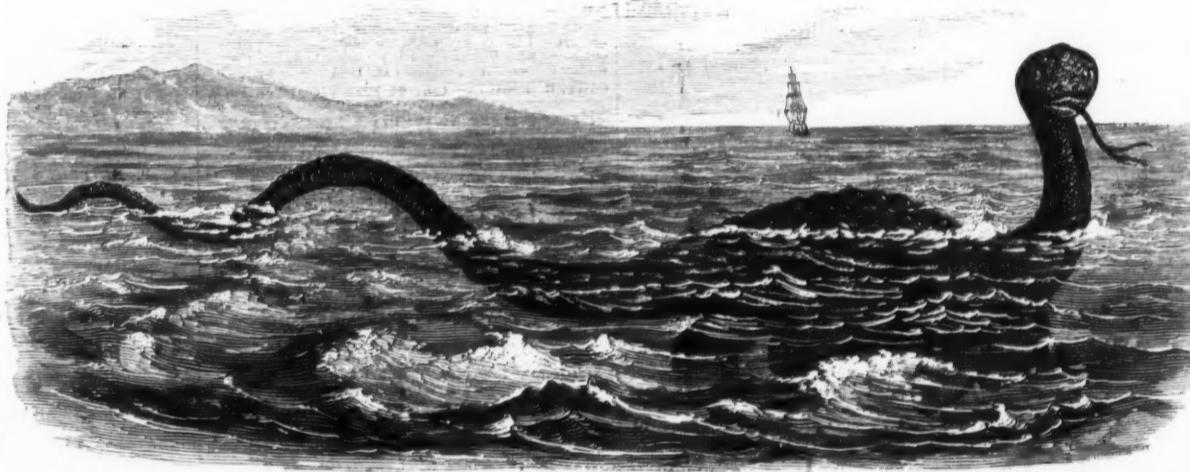
were received by a committee of four hundred citizens of Cincinnati, and, after visiting the Cham-

600 ducks, 2 wagon-loads of potatoes, 200 cold pieces of game, salads and jellies, 100 gallons of ice cream, 75 gallons of Roman punch, 125 pounds of cake, besides sundries unweighed, unmeasured and unnameable.

In preparing to serve the throng of guests seated at the tables, Horticultural Hall, south of the main building, was converted into a monster kitchen. Along one side of it were stretched 123 feet of ranges, having eight ovens with 160 feet of baking surface.

The decorations of the tables were elegant and handsome. On each table were two or three designs in pastry and in flowers. On the principal table immediately in front of the Mayor and the principal guests were several unique and handsome floral designs, while each end was ornamented with a horseshoe of calla lilies, tuberous, violets and smilax. Wreaths, pyramids, fans, horse-shoes, cornucopias and other designs in roses, pinks, violets, lilies-of-the-valley and mignonettes, intertwined with smilax, graced the other tables and diffused their fragrance on the air. A *bouquetière* was also furnished each guest. Several large floral pieces

ornamented the room. Over the organ a locomotive and tender in pink and white flowers attracted considerable attention. This piece measured eight feet in length. Other pieces, illustrating a Southern Railroad train coming out of King's Mountain Tunnel, the High Bridge, a train on the Ohio River Bridge, and other subjects connected with the Southern Railroad, were also exhibited in the body of the Hall. The viands, which were faultlessly placed upon the tables, were of the choicest description, and everybody praised the arrangements. When, about 10:30 o'clock, the orchestra had played a particularly pleasing selection, an encore was insisted upon, and the musicians responded with "Dixie." The effect was magical. All over the house men rose, shouted and waved napkins with the greatest enthusiasm. The music was almost drowned, but when the orchestra struck



THE SUPPOSED FORM OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

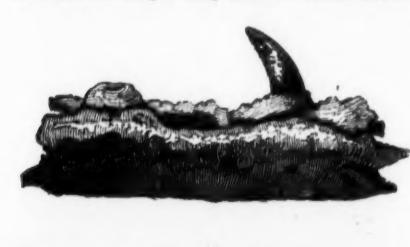


THE MARL-PIT WHERE THE REMAINS WERE DISCOVERED.

A FOSSIL SEA-SERPENT.

SOME curious relics of the reptilian age have been recently discovered in marl-pit near Marlboro, Monmouth County, New Jersey. Professor Samuel Lockwood, a geologist of fine attainments, in a description of these relics, says that the bones undoubtedly belonged to a monster of great bulk. "He had two paddles well forward and two behind, the size and solidity of the bones of which indicate extraordinary propelling force. Extending far behind was the tail, stout, long and serpentine, but a little flattish, thus affording great aid in propulsion

ber of Commerce and other points of interest were entertained in the evening at Music Hall, the main body of which had been converted into a magnificent dining-room. Thirty tables, 40 feet long, occupied the ground-floor; ten, 24 feet long, were ranged across the front of the platform; one, 30 feet long, stood in front of the organ, and two, 20 feet, each obliquely at its end; the whole 43 tables giving a length of over a quarter of a mile, over which was scattered \$10,000 worth of tableware, and upon which covers had been laid for 1,840 guests. Seventeen hundred and seventy-six persons in all sat down at the tables. To every seven guests there



FRAGMENTS OF THE LOWER JAW AND TOOTH.

NEW JERSEY.—FOSSIL REMAINS OF A SEA-SERPENT DISCOVERED NEAR MARLBORO.—FROM SKETCHES BY PROF. LOCKWOOD AND CHARLES UPHAM.



SECTION OF THE VERTEBRA.

the majestic tones of the "Star Spangled Banner" the scene became indescribable, every one rising and the house being white with waving handkerchiefs. Finally the great organ took up the air, and orchestra and organ, with a shouting audience between, combined to form an unparalleled outburst of enthusiasm.

It was 12 o'clock when the speaking began, the order being as follows: An address of welcome in behalf of the City, by Mayor Jacobs; address of welcome in behalf of the State, by Governor Foster; "The Cincinnati Southern," response by Hon. E. A. Ferguson; "The South Atlantic States," response by Governor Colquitt, of Georgia; "Gulf States," response by Leslie E. Brooks, of Mobile; "Our Northern and Southern Connections," response by M. E. Ingalls and ex-Governor Brown, of Georgia.

The Cincinnati Southern Railroad, which has cost \$18,000,000, is operated entirely in the city's interest, though not by the city itself. A common carrier company, chartered by the Legislature, holds the road under a lease, they to furnish capital for locomotives, cars and all operating expenses, and to be allowed an interest of seven per cent. per annum, while all the rest of the earnings are turned into the city treasury to go to the sinking fund.

THE THEATRES.

AT Union Square the "Two Orphans" have made their *reentry*, the cast being unique, the scenery new and superb.

"M'lis" at the Standard is drawing immense houses, the acting of Miss Pixley in the title rôle causing quite a sensation.

At Haverly's the "Widow Bedot" holds her own against all comers, and is unassassable even by the immortal Tony Weller.

There is truly but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous, from "Macbeth" to "Humpty Dumpty." Edwin Booth has succeeded the mirth-provoking pantomime, which is now convulsing Brooklyn, and the eminent tragedian is nightly fascinating enormous and aesthetic audiences.

J. H. Haverly having taken a lease of Niblo's opened with his marvelous Mastodon Minstrels.

The Bijou Opera House, under the management of Messrs. Ford and McCaull, commenced its opera season on Monday night with "Di Camara," of which an extended notice will duly appear.

How Greyhounds are Trained.

THE human denizens of poverty-stricken hovels in the "distressful country" or in the crowded alleys of this metropolis might well envy a grey hound in training for the Waterloo Cup. His kennel, to begin with, is artificially warmed by a fire which runs right round it, and his food consists of a strong jelly, made from beasts' or calves' feet, or from bullocks' or sheep's heads. With this jelly is mixed some carefully-selected oatmeal, and a week before running the favored long-tail has his wind cleared by a diet of roast mutton and crisp toast. Each day of his life the greyhound is well groomed with a horse-hair brush on returning from exercise, and his feet are as carefully washed and wiped as those of a Derby favorite. As much thought is bestowed upon his training and exercise as is given by a crack Newmarket trainer of horses to the condition of an animal upon which the money is about to be "dumped down." The result is that greyhounds are now brought to the scratch with a gloss on their coats and a lot of hard muscle upon their loins which augur ill for the suffering hares, exposed to the endurance of untold agonies during the few minutes of suspense when their lives hang in the balance.

Corean Women.

THE women of Corea have to remain in the apartments set specially apart for their use, and those of the higher classes are even more insulated here than in China; a little more liberty is allowed them in the country, where a portion of the labor in the fields falls to their share; but although they can move about there somewhat more at their ease, they are still much more restricted than the female country population in China. In cities and small townships it is, however, considered a great offense against modesty and custom whenever a woman is met in the public streets in the daytime, and they quit their apartments scarcely ever during the day. To indemnify them for this strictly kept-up seclusion, the following remarkable arrangement has been made. At nine o'clock in the evening during the Summer, and at an earlier hour in Winter time, the city gates of Saoul and other towns are closed at a given signal. As soon as this has taken place all men are bound to leave the streets, and these are abandoned to the women for the purposes of recreation and promenading. Any male, finding himself by accident belated and beyond the appointed time in the streets, is sure to hurry to his house as fast as possible without looking up or regarding about him, and severe punishment would fall upon any person daring, in the face of the stringent prohibition, to molest women in the least. Good-breeding demands from any man (and this is always done) to cover his face with a fan as soon as he encounters ladies walking during these hours, so that he may not be recognized, and to walk over to the other side of the street so as not to disturb or terrify them.

Turkish Bankruptcy.

NO FRESH proof of the almost hopeless impotence of the Turkish Government need occasion any surprise, and least of all such an announcement as that contained in a telegram recently received to the effect that the Imperial Ottoman Bank had refused to advance any more funds for payment of salaries to the Ottoman Ambassador at European Courts. This is, if we mistake not, the second time that the Porte has been reduced to such discreditable straits that its own financial agents declare they cannot trust it any more, even to the extent of enabling it to keep its representatives at foreign courts in pocket. The reason is the same now that it was a year since—nothing is done toward fiscal reform. Revenues are wasted or plundered, so that the State often wants means for the daily support of the ordinary administrative machinery. Court favorites or local placemen fill their pockets, while soldiers and police can scarcely be kept from the dire extreme of actual privation except by the adoption of hand-to-mouth expedients which merely stave off rebellion for the moment, and leave the old vices flourishing exuberantly. Among these expedients is that of playing off one set of financial advisers against the other. Thus, in the present case, as the Porte cannot get the Ottoman Bank to trust it any more, it proposes "making arrangements for the payments to be effected through other banks." All this time sources of revenue exist close at hand, which only want a little common sense management to produce three times what they have hitherto done and render petty borrowing unnecessary. The uppermost desire in the mind of any intelligent person on reading these notices of pecuniary stress is that not only the Imperial Ottoman, but every other bank and banker, would persevere in keeping their purse-strings tightly drawn until sheer penury drove the governing class at Constantinople to amend its ways.

FUN.

AN aviary is always a bird-den to the man who owns it.

HE who Mrs. to take a kiss
Has Mr. thing he should not Miss.

A MAN should have a fortune who thinks of marrying a ballet-dancer, because it is next to impossible to keep her in clothes.

OLD PROSY: "What I say is this, sir: I approve entirely of fox-hunting as a manly, health-giving, and invigorating amusement, but not as a pursuit, sir." Irish Doctor: "Faith, you'll find manny to agree with ye there. Especially foxes."

"How do you like the new minister?" asked a lady of her little girl. "Oh I he is splendid! I like him ever so much better than I did Mr. Edwards."

"Why?" asked her mother. "Well," said the child, trying to think of a good reason, "he has a better complexion!"

Two boarding-house keepers are comparing notes. "It 'pears to me, Mrs. Miggles, that your chicken-salad is never found out—leastways, I never hear none of the boarders complain." "You see," explained Mrs. Miggles, "I alius chops up a few feathers with the veal."

A GENTLEMAN having occasion to praise a kind-hearted Irishwoman for her good deeds, said to her: "Well, well, Kate, if there is a Heaven in the next world you will get to it." As quick as lightning came the reply, with all the heartiness of the race: "God bless ye, Mr. P. An' sure, if I do, I'll leave the gate open for you."

THESE days no one is safe from the charge of plagiarism. Brown went to church last Sunday—a thing unusual—and upon being asked his opinion of the clergyman, said, "Oh, his sermon was very good; but that prayer, beginning with 'Our Father,' I think he stole entire. I know I have heard something somewhere that it was strangely like."

A ROMANTIC youth, promenading in one of the fashionable streets, picked up a thimble. He stood a while, meditating upon the probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips, saying, "Oh, that it were the fair cheek of the wearer?" Just as he had finished, a stout, elderly negress looked out of an upper window, and said, "Massa, just please to bring dat thimble of mine in de entry. I just drapt it."

"I BELIEVE in a personal devil," said Mr. Moody, at a revival meeting held in a remote Western city. "That's true, that's true—you're right there, stranger," said an old farmer, rising from his seat in his earnestness. Whereupon a calm-faced, placid-looking woman rose from the other end of the pew, took him by the ear and slowly led him out, and the assembly knew then for the first time that the old man's mind was filled with domestic thoughts instead of the hereafter.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

are furnished by the WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y., and Great Russell Street Buildings, London, England, on terms to suit the times. A new edition of the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," about 1,000 pages, nearly 300 illustrations, by R. V. Pierce, M. D., postpaid, \$1.50. "Invaditis' Guide-Book," postpaid, 10 cents; "Motion as a Remedial Agent," illustrating movement cure for paralysis, diseases of females, stiffened joints, club feet, spinal curvature and kindred affections, 10 cents; "Diseases of Generative Organs," 10 cents; "Catarrh," its rational treatment and positive cure, sent on receipt of one postage stamp. Address as above.

RINGLETS BRIGHT

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REPORTS from the various wine districts of France that the extraordinary cold Winter has so severely injured grape vines that this year's crop will probably be very poor. The vines in Burgundy, and more especially in Champagne, have suffered most. It is very doubtful if the greater part of New York wine-drinkers would find this out if it was not published.—*New York Sun*.

It is also doubtful whether, since the introduction and popularity of "THE AMERICA" Extra Dry Champagne of A. WERNER & CO., 308 Broadway, it is of very much consequence whether the New York wine-drinkers ever find it out. The loss is more than made good.

"WHERE shall I stop?" is the query frequently put by the visitor to New York. This question can easily be settled in favor of the ST. NICHOLAS hotel, now, as ever, the leader among metropolitan hostelleries. Its furniture, fittings, apartments, conveniences and table are, beyond comparison, the most suited to please the fastidious taste. Rates only \$3.50 per day, the *ante-bellum* price.

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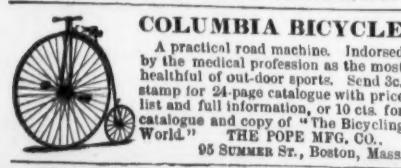
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